

School of Theology at Claremont



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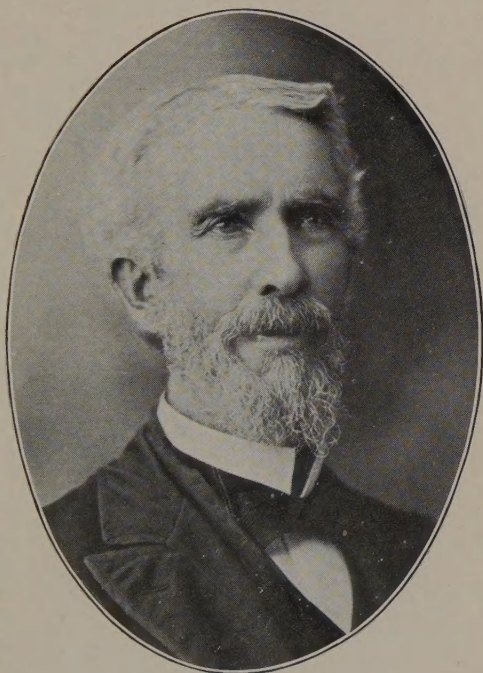
Personal
Experiences
IN THE
Gospel
Ministry

BY
G. L. SHEPARDSON



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G. L. Shepardson

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

IN THE

GOSPEL MINISTRY

BY

REV. G. L. SHEPARDSON



"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am,
therewith to be content."



Oakdale, California
1910

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

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Preface

Assured that my earthwork is near to a close, I feel constrained to leave my testimony of His faithfulness so manifest that many whom I could not reach in any other way may be helped by my experience. Personal testimony, what we know and have seen, is the strongest evidence in court to decide destiny; it bases the decision of judge and jury for life or death. This is God's plan, by personal experience to convict and convince of His righteous claims and man's duty and privilege, and these testimonies will decide the Judge at the last day where to place us and in what grade we shall rank. I have been admonished of late to attend to the leaving this testimony soon, as I have passed the seventy-sixth milepost of life.

CHAPTER I

Personal Experience and First Year

I was born twice. The first was natural in 1833, Waterford township, Erie county, Pennsylvania. My memory does not serve me as to the time and place and I am dependent on what the family record and others say. But it is not the same with my second or spiritual birth, thank God. It did not occur until twenty-one years later. I was well raised; my father was a minister and mother a devout Christian. My three brothers and two sisters were each Christians before me. The direct means of my conversion were through the personal prayers and solicitations of a devoted Christian lady who was making her home at our home. She had personally talked with me a number of times, and at this time she said to me, "Now if you would rather I should never present this all important subject to you I will cease." I replied, "I hope you do not think my case a hopeless one," for I knew her to be a real Christian for I had known her real life for some months and I thought if she was about giving me up as hopeless, God might be of the same mind. I acknowledged that God's claims were reasonable and right. She then said, "If it is ever worth attending to, certainly then the sooner the better—let us get down on our knees

and pray." I knelt. She insisted that I pray. This was a mountain too high for me. She then said, "I will pray and you repeat." So like a parrot I said out loud the prayer she dictated for me. This was a committal. The ice was broken and I was ready to make it known to all, and in every way I now sought for the experience.

I think it was some ten days before it reached me. I was in the field trimming father's osage hedge fence. I noticed that the familiar birds that I had always known sang sweeter and seemed to add new notes to their chirp and song. The hedge leaves seemed like jewels dazzling in the sun. The grass was greener—and when I walked I scarce touched the ground as though gravitation had changed and pulled upward. When the stars shone at night they seemed to be vying with each other which could let down the most glory. As I came from the field at night I said to my sister, This has been the happiest day of my life. Before falling to sleep, after retiring, it fully dawned on me for the first time that it must be me who had changed and not the world. This is the Spirit-birth, a dead soul coming to life. Though blind and dead by nature, I now see with new eyes, hear with new ears. This is what Christians give as their religious experience, and waking to a full consciousness of a new life, I think I said Glory, for that is the first word in heaven's dialect and quite in contrast with my first birth, for now I well remember, never to forget, day and date. The devil knows better

than to attempt to make me doubt the fact. Many, I find, cannot give a date anywhere in their professed life of this great event. I think I shall never break the habit of still saying Glory out loud, and would not be obliged to go back to the starting to know I have the assurance of the new life. There are some things too good to keep to oneself and if they undertake to so keep them, they will find they have lost them. Yet there are times when the experience is like the quiet of the deepest ocean. I can but pity those who are trying to live the Christian life with the old unrenewed heart. It is steep, upgrade, to just be obliged to go through the forms. No wonder so many cease the forms as well. I tell people if they have found the real experience to bring it to the surface that others may find it and not smother the fire until they lose it.

I was obliged to leave farming soon after conversion and while plowing on a piece of land eighty rods long, I was asking the Lord in what calling I might best serve his cause. After I had looked over different callings how I might honor him in it, and as though a voice was spoken audibly, he said, "I want you to serve me in all these calling by preaching to men occupying them." I had thought I could stay on the farm and help two of my brothers through the theological schools who felt called to the ministry, but it was too high a calling for me. I was obliged by failing strength to leave the farm and take my bed for a time. A Bible agent who

called and put up at our house while in that neighborhood called and told me to ride with him and he would return me at night or sooner while going through our neighborhood. I accepted and in this way was bettered and led into the agency myself, but after a year's experience found that this did not fully satisfy God's plan for me, so moved to Evanston Theological school to prepare for the ministry.

In less than a year I was obliged to leave school because of failing health. Again I entered the Bible agency in Ohio. After a year I buried my beloved wife who before our marriage led me to Christ, and then I returned to Illinois, my former home and soon after attended one of the first camp-meetings and conferences held by the Free Methodists.

A short time after I was Spirit born I became interested to see others saved, and bore a heavy cross by visiting my neighbors who professed religion and talked and prayed with them. I only found one or two interested enough to join with me in special prayer for the conversion of the community, but I believed God would answer and bless his own appointed means. So I went some ten miles with a conveyance and brought a good preacher and his wife to come to our schoolhouse and hold a protracted meeting. The meeting closed after a week with little or no apparent results, except a young man, with whom I had talked and prayed for, raised his hand for prayer. I was greatly disappointed and discour-

aged. If God did not answer prayer what use to pray? I might as well stop praying. His promises had failed, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened." It was hours before I reached home, a mile distant; the night the meeting closed, I was in great distress over the failure, made several stops on the way to pray. I was late to bed; fell asleep near morning and dreamed I went out to the Northwestern railroad track some forty rods from our house and was surprised to see what a condition the road and cars were in; the road crooked and very uneven, making it reckless to attempt to run a train over. The cars were in a dilapidated state, unfit for use. The engine out of repair, in no condition for effective service. I said as I viewed the condition, the proprietors of this road must be fools to expect patronage; that the community would not risk life or property on such a road. I turned to leave when another view came before me. It seemed to be a new construction and the opposite to what I had seen. The church members were grading for a new road; men with teams, plows, scrapers and shovels were at work, others following putting down ties and rails. Others farther west were clearing away trees and brush, preparing for the new road; a busy company, every one at his kind of work. I then looked east and heard the puff of a mighty engine coming up the new track that had been laid some miles east of us. I saw the smoke of the iron monster shoot high

into the heavens and soon the earth trembled under its mighty tread. As it came near I was overpowered with wonder and admiration. I had never seen anything so majestically beautiful. Its whole structure declared its power and speed, drawing behind it an endless train.

I awoke and the interpretation was unmistakably plain. The first view of the road was the condition of our church. God could not answer our prayers and bring into the church babes when there were no mothers or live members to care for them. The second vision was God's plan of a church alive and at work, preparing the way of the Lord. The mighty glorious engine was the mighty God. And I exclaimed, It is enough! I see it! I see it! God came to my deliverance and I now said, Glory. The lesson I there learned has largely governed me in gospel work. A dead church is worse than no church. It is the Spirit and the Bride that are to work together; God depends on the Bride, the human, while the Bride, the human, depends on him. Dead churches may coax sinners to come in but they are like their parents and if alive will soon die. I heard a godly man once ask the question, How long would a lamb live to nurse a dead mother? There is ■ due time in nature when the fruit will get ripe. There is ■ due time in grace also. It is "when Zion travailed, she brought forth." If it is ■ Holy Ghost revival we want (and any thing short of that is ■ fraud), it may require time to prepare his way. I am generally required

to hold up the truth clearly and severely declare against sin, and give full credit to him the mighty to save, before urging sinners to come to the prayer altar, for if I do not get the Holy Ghost to come to our help it is vain and I back up and put the gospel plow in deeper, and draw from the scabbard the gospel blade until the Spirit comes down to endue; then sinners will come without coaxing.


I had a later experience that taught me the importance of the Church being in condition for a revival and to care for the converts. We had moved and bought a home in a new place a mile from a small village where the only church was a Methodist, with some sixty members; they had no weekly prayer meeting nor class meeting. The preacher in charge was a good mason and I think chaplain of the lodge. His colleague was religious, and wife and I had agreed to pray especially for a revival. A meeting was commenced and was continued some two weeks, the Mason preacher doing most or all the preaching. We urged the continuance for there were no marked results, and our prayers were not answered. There came into the meeting one night two Wesleyan Methodists, one a minister I had known in another state. I introduced him to the pastor, telling him it would be safe to invite Brother Streeter to preach and he did so, and before his sermon was ended it was apparent to all that God was with him, and the pastor invited him to preach the next night. He replied,

"If you will give me the pulpit for a week I will." It was granted. By the third night the altar was well filled with seekers, and before the week was ended there was a general rush until there was no room at the altar, and men and women crying out loud for mercy. There were somewhere about sixty saved and the conversions were clear, but neither the church nor preacher in charge were the cause of the revival; it was the praying few with the Holy Ghost preacher who was transient. Well, the revival was short lived. They took into the church the converts. I was away for the most of the time for six months and was surprised to find that nearly all had backslidden, and the young men who were clearly converted could swear, and really there was but little sign of the blessed revival to be found. I saw the reason and made up my mind that I would never insist that the Lord should give a revival to a dead church again. The converts were not the legitimate children of the church and the church did not know how to care for other folks' children. If they had travailed in birth for them how different. I have noticed that the chickens hatched would fare better to stay with the mother hen than to try to get some other hen to mother them, and it is about so with those saved in the Wesleyan church who go to another church because it may be larger or a little more popular. I think we preachers are too slow to advise and get our converts to stay with mother. I find those who

are preachers and members once with us but have gone elsewhere for their church home decline, and I believe many backslide over this one mistake, or compromise. Better stay with the hen where hatched.

To obtain an extra breed of fowls I purchased at an extra cost a setting of eggs, and put them under a hen with the greatest of care and when the proper time came for the brood to come off as I thought, and they made no appearance, I went to the nest and found the hen on but she was dead, like so many churches, it takes life to produce life and a church that has not warmth or life to convert souls is not in condition to care for them. It is a serious matter after they are converted to keep them saved. I am ready to let every body know that I think I belong to the best church in the world, and that I think it the safest place to join and stay at home with mother, and to urge its merits and give opportunity at once. It matters not what others may say but it does matter very much whether our spiritual children die or live. The law of association is most sure to settle their destiny, for they will become like those they live with.

My first appointment was by the Free Methodist conference. To this time I had no acquaintance with the Wesleyan Methodists. My call to go into the work was abruptly forced upon me. My brother, D. F. Shepardson, had united with them as he was classed among those who possessed and preached the objectionable doctrine



that would not be tolerated in the Methodist church and resulted in the new organization of the Free Methodist church. I had just returned from Ohio where I had been co-operative agent in the Bible Society and came to their conference and camp meeting at St. Charles, Illinois. He advised me to join and take appointment with them but I was planning to return to Evanston theological school, preparatory to entering the ministry and then I remarked (my health being poor) such a new work as they would give me might be too hard for me but I then said if the Lord will heal me I will. While a number were being received into the church, I went forward and gave my letter and license to Brother Roberts, the general superintendent who was receiving them, and while standing the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire fell on me and the Spirit said audibly to me, Believe for your body. The healing was done when the electric fire divine struck me, purifying soul and healing my body. I was never made more conscious of anything than that I was made all pure within. The next day while in a side tent I heard my name read out for Newfield charge. I exclaimed I cannot go, but there came that silent voice yet audible to me, you promised to go if the Lord would heal you, and I said the next breath, I will go.

I have gone from that sacred spot and call, feeling there was no calling so high that could be conferred this side of heaven and from that

hour to this, though oft by the way of sacrifice, yet I count it the greatest joy and privilege of life to cry to my brother man, "Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Whatever success has attended my ministry I owe it to the enduement there received. To expect results in gospel work without the enduement would be just as unwise with me as for a hunter with his fine gun and plenty of powder to expect to bring down his game, firing only blank cartridges.

I have always been glad that finished my schooling at the Biblical institute at Evanston near Chicago for none of the faculty nor president distinctly preached nor taught the doctrine of heart purity and I found in visiting the school that some whom I knew who came to the school enjoying the experience, lost it while there. But, thank God, there are schools I now know, if the student comes without the blessing he is most sure to get it before he or she leaves, unless they run away to avoid taking it. I had my appointment to Newfield and new it was, with less than twenty members and with the exception of two families the members were less than a year old.

The revival that occurred forming this society was the result of the prayers and fastings of a Christian woman, Wilson by name. She saw the condition of her neighbors, scarcely a family that made any profession as Christians. Her interest for their salvation became such that she refused to eat, spending much time in prayer. The fast

continued ten days. Her husband became alarmed for her, urging her to eat, to please him she took some food but did not retain it to get any nourishment from it. At the end of her fast a young preacher with limited education came into the neighborhood and commenced a protracted meeting in their schoolhouse and he being Spirit-filled God gave him souls, answering Sister Wilson's prayers. There was a widow woman in the community that had two daughters, the youngest nearly woman grown. They were among the converts. When they either prayed or spoke I noticed they impersonated Sister Wilson so perfectly that to settle who was speaking I had to turn around and see if they were behind me. I learned a spiritual lesson from this. They were Sister Wilson's spiritual children. They had her spiritual likeness as really as daughters ever are in features, manners and voice like their natural mothers. They were begotten in her heart by the Holy Ghost, and as a result of her prayers and fasting. They were her legitimate children. She had travailed and brought forth according to the Word, "When Zion travailed she brought forth." While she was the real mother of the revival, these especially had the mother's likeness. I fear that many who claim to be the Bride, the Lamb's wife, bear no children. We live at too great a distance from the Bridegroom. She was an exceptionally holy woman. I know, for I lived and boarded at her house that conference year. She observed a weekly fast by omitting

her breakfast each Friday. The Revelator says, "He has made us unto our God kings and priests." The high priest ranked the highest of any portion in the dispensation under the law; a king could not take or fill his place. He was permitted to come nearest God and make supplication for the people representing Christ. There is no place so sacred or so honored as to hold audience with God and to pray and prevail for others. It is likeness to the great High Priest who prevails for us, and we can only say, hear us for Jesus' sake. God did things for David's sake, for Abraham's sake, for Israel's sake. It is possible that the most humble, obscure, talentless may be equally exalted and win stars for their crown. O what a privilege to be taken in partnership with Christ in saving the lost. The preacher who preached and conducted the meeting will get his reward but the stars will no doubt be in Sister Wilson's crown. We saw but a few added to this class though we held some extra meetings by the solicitude of the society, while it was my choice to have given that extra time to other places where they never had any regular preaching for I had noticed that God does not often grant a community a special call as a rule oftener than from four to five years apart.

Five miles at a large country schoolhouse called Charters Grove, and among well-to-do farmers we held a revival meeting. The Methodist and the United Brethren each had a society there and each had preaching every two weeks, alternating

so that they had preaching each Lord's day. We were invited by one of our members living there to come up and help the United Brethren who were holding a revival meeting, believing my service would be gladly received. I went and was invited to preach but after the second sermon they thought it best to do their own preaching. I saw very surely they had commenced at the wrong end for they were preaching to outside sinners to get them converted over a dead church. I used the prophet Isaiah, "Awake, awake Zion, put on thy strength." The Lord had taught me that a backslidden or dead church was not the place for young converts. I remained until their closing service. The Methodist Episcopal church had just preceded them in a two weeks' service with no apparent results, and now the United Brethren church closed after a two weeks' meeting every night with no sign of a revival. I felt God had not been honored or there would have been some saved, so I felt led to announce as they closed, there would be meeting there next night. It appeared to me that this would be a good opportunity for the Lord to show His approval of a full salvation gospel in contrast with what had been preached, which stopped the other side of Pentecost. About the second night the trustees of the schoolhouse announced publicly there could be no more meetings held in the house except on Lord's day. I then announced that I would preach there once in two weeks in the afternoon, as the two

societies occupied each morning at eleven. There were three trustees, two of them church members, the other one an infidel but they all agreed that it was not best to have any more night meetings. I doubt if the infidel cared particularly but it was the distinctive doctrine of heart cleansing that their prominent church members did not want to hear. I made no comments or objection but visited and held some cottage prayer meetings in the neighborhood and filled my Sunday appointments. I also did some praying at night on the schoolhouse steps and in the grove just back of the house to Him who "opens and no man shuts, or shuts and no man opens."

About the third schoolhouse appointment after this, while preaching to a small congregation a man about sixty years old and a United Brethren member rose from the back seats and came to the stove that was red hot and the door of which had been thrown open, and pulled from his pocket a long wide plug of tobacco and pitched it into the stove. I had been telling them God's salvation would save a man from all that he needed salvation from, and when I saw what this man did I exclaimed, Hurrah for a clean salvation. When I had finished preaching I was led to make a prophecy and announcement that there would be meeting here to-morrow night unless the trustees of this house want to fight or oppose God, for the Lord wants to work at Charters Grove, and closed. We came the next night finding the house open and a few to hear us preach. These

two trustees were leading members, one a Methodist Episcopal and the other a United Brethren and were brothers-in-law and were our greatest opposers. When an opportunity for speaking was given they opposed us and the doctrine we preached. We did not controvert them but poured on the truth thicker and faster. One night they followed me out or met me at the road as I got into my buggy and commenced on me. I listened but said nothing until they made a pause, then the Spirit came on me and I said God Almighty will work at Charters Grove in spite of the Methodist church and the United Brethren church and the devil, and left them. I think it was by the Spirit I made the prophecy as was the announcement of the meetings. The night services continued five weeks. We denounced boldly all manner of sin, of omission and commission and kept the banner of complete salvation from sin by the baptism of the Holy Ghost subsequent to regeneration hoisted high. We never more heard of closing down but the trustees especially attended to oppose. Our congregations increased slowly. At the end of about two weeks the leading Methodist Episcopal opposer's wife remained at home and went to their book case and looked up a volume of Wesley's sermons and read one on holiness, and being convinced of privilege and duty dropped on her knees, sought and found the glorious experience. It was too good to keep, so she made her way ■ mile or so distant to her sister's, whose husband

was the other opposer, the United Brethren, to tell of her experience and the call was turned into a prayer meeting and her sister also received the experience. I do not know how their husbands acted toward their wives when they came to hear their experience, but I do know the effect on our public meetings when these fresh baptized sisters came with their experience and declared what God had done for them before the public congregation. It made me think of the experience I had when a boy with the frogs when they had just thawed out in the spring and they were having their fourth of July celebration, firing their biggest guns and every fellow in the pond yelled at the top of his voice to hear himself; and I threw a big club into the pond, and all would be as silent as death in a moment. So these sisters' experience silenced all opposition in our meetings and I know the United Brethren Brother got with his wife before the meetings closed the same experience he had been fighting publicly when the meetings commenced. The other ceased to oppose and became very friendly, but I doubt as to his proud stubborn will complying fully to make the blessing his.

A little before this stage of the meeting the Methodists secured a preacher from abroad to fill the regular preacher's place one Lord's day morning, who was older and better prepared to oppose us and the full salvation doctrine (he was about sixty years old I judge). I took pains to attend and hear him. After opening with song and

scripture reading he called upon me to pray. I confess I did not know how to pray under these circumstances as I was quite sure why he was there. I asked God by His Spirit to teach me how, and near the close of my prayer, I asked definitely for heavenly bread this morning, for the people were needy and starving, then repeating, "Lord, we want fresh bread, warm and smoking, right down from the heavenly ovens, not last year's dry and moldy." I was surprised at my own prayer. How the Lord could answer it through a backslidden fighting holiness preacher I could not see, but I said to myself it was an inspired prayer for I had no plan to make such a prayer. He read and announced a hymn, gave his text, "Wherefore brethren, be ye steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord for as much as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord." He made his divisions and went far enough to show me his plan, but he began to falter and stumble and hesitate, and finally said, I can't preach this morning. I wish you would come up here and preach Brother Shepardson. He sat down and I answered the call and was quite sure the Lord answered His inspired prayer and had things his own way. I was obliged to turn around and get him to quote the text to me, then I brought out from it the subject of holiness. I remember a little I said, namely: That the big Methodist church owed her existence and growth to the doctrine of holiness, and that Wesley said God had raised up the

Methodists to preach and spread Scriptural holiness over these lands, and that the preachers who preached it were the most successful in saving souls among His preachers, and that was the great lack, and the great need among them these later days. To be "steadfast and always abounding in the work of the Lord" would require us to be holy. It was not churchanity but Christianity filled with the Spirit that would enable us to carry out the text. As for me I had found the truth and had the blessed experience, and if it took me out of a hundred churches I was going to hold on to the truth. The doctrine of holiness got the best airing it was possible for little me through the Holy Ghost to give it. I had never seen the old preacher before this and have never seen nor heard of him since. O how wonderful are God's ways and marvelous His doing when He can find obedient and humble tools through which to work. He can beat the devil and out-general commissioned officers if he can find the humble "Gideons" who will let him order the battle.

At about this stage of the meeting I was brought into a close place. We had sung and prayed and were singing the last hymn before preaching and as yet I had no text or subject in mind. What shall I do? I will open my Bible and read at the opening and see what the Lord may give me. I opened to the prophet Joel 2:15, "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify ■ fast, call ■ solemn assembly." The subject opened up to

me at once as a call to war. 1. The call. Blow the trumpet in Zion. 2. A solemn time. Men going out to battle never to return! 3. Sanctify a fast." Get humble before God and repent. I made a special application. God wants valiant men who are consecrated to die for His government. While we are dependent and must have Him in the supernatural work of saving souls, he has made himself dependent on human agencies who volunteer at His call and say, "Here am I send me." "Call a solemn assembly." This is no child's play. Men will decide here their eternal destiny. The gospel either saves or damns, all depends on our individual decision. This service will decide destiny. It is a "solemn" time. If the gospel plan fails there is none other can save, so, be careful what you do with His wooing spirit and this opportunity! "Sanctify a fast." God has always honored a fast by His people, and when they were in a close place and must have God to help them out and have proclaimed a fast, He has honored it. It is an established means of grace. I then said I shall fast on the morrow for the outpouring of His Spirit on these meetings; how many will join with me? Some two or three promised by the uplifted hand. I told them the early Methodists always held a fast before each quarterly meeting when as a people they were more spiritual than now. The next night after preaching I gave opportunity for testimony and a number who did not vote for the fast told us they observed the fast and

received a great blessing in it, and one or more of the large farmers said they should observe a fast once a week even in harvest time. I have given more attention to the subject of fasting since that experience as a duty and a means of grace. I found the Bible full of examples and wonderful deliverances to many who observed it. The King of Nineveh called for a great fast and averted their destruction prophesied by Jonah. Queen Esther and the Jews turned their utter destruction into their exaltation and the destruction of Haman and their enemies. Examples are many. Jesus said, "When the Bridegroom shall be taken away then shall they fast in those days." The meetings grew numerically and spiritually, men and women entered the pool for cleansing, backsliders were reclaimed, sinners, a few, were converted, interest widened so that by sleigh loads they came from Sycamore, six miles distant. We did not invite any to join our church, but one prominent man who had received the second work of grace said to me, Brother Shepardson, if all in your church were like you we would join you. (There was some extravagance and fanaticism in our church) God made our enemies to be at peace with us, and gave us what I called a decided victory and left the banner of holiness triumphant in both churches. He did it all, glory to Him be given. I learned by this experience God chooseth the weak things in preference to human strength or wisdom.

This was my first experience. I had no ser-

mons prepared, had to get them new every time I preached, felt my dependence, knew I could do nothing without Him. O those were days and nights of prayer. I made a flying visit to my boarding place while in the hottest of this battle and Sister Wilson met me and said, I got a word for you while in prayer and opened my Bible to the Prophet Isaiah, "I will make thee a sharp threshing instrument having teeth and thou shalt whip the mountains and they shall be as chaff." It was like flagons of wine to me to know there was such a godly woman praying for me. How true, some praying soul, known only to God, may receive more stars in his or her crown than the evangelist who may get the credit, humanly speaking. The real praying soul may be the greatest soul winner. Pray on.

Before closing the conference year we held a protracted meeting where they had held one the year before by the solicitations of the dear little society but with little result. I wished to give the time elsewhere. So I learned that the most devoted people may err in judgment. One circumstance that was connected with this work is afflictive which I will briefly relate. A man of some thirty-five years, a large farmer, whose wife was a member with us attended church quite regularly, but he refused to submit to God's claim and God's time. I became much interested for his salvation. He was morally good and kind. I sought an opportunity to talk with him, telling him the day of grace was sometimes like bankers

days which closed early long before sunset. He evaded my appeal by saying he thought there would be time enough for him yet for his father sought and found the Lord at sixty years of age. I replied to him, if you take your father for an example you will never be saved, he did not have the light and opportunity you have, but you know too much and duty has been very plain to you. He good naturedly laughed it off. He prospered wonderfully in worldly accumulations, added farm to farm, raised large acreage of grain and increased his herds of cattle, bought a grist mill, became a stockholder in a bank, overtaxed his brain, lost his reason and the last I heard of him he was hopelessly insane in an asylum. I think he gave more than any one and more than all else except Brother and Sister Wilson who boarded me and my horse free of charge the year through. Our cash salary did not exceed thirty dollars that first conference year of about six months, but I was only too glad to be honored with so high and holy a calling. Before the year closed God gave me a helpmeet who has been truly a helpmeet with a talent and a joyous worker in his service, who was most plainly called into the ministry a few years after our marriage. Our courtship was brief as to time but sufficient to know most clearly that our marriage was in the Lord's will. I was fully decided that I would never marry unless it should be one as fully consecrated, and as fully interested in God's work, in the salvation of men as myself. It was not

until I felt sure I had found such an one that I sought her acquaintance. I met her once at her father's home. I wrote her once inquiring if a visit from me would be agreeable, making a plain statement that it would be to see whether a further acquaintance would be the Lord's leadings, and hers in the very important subject of matrimony. I accepted her invitation and gave her the time of my coming. I found the Lord had been most wonderfully dealing with her, and had gone before me to make our way plain. After our visit of a couple of hours, I was shown to my room for the night. I was made conscious of the divine presence filling my room with his approval. I think Isaac's courtship and marriage was not more plainly the Lord's leading than ours. When I spoke to her parents concerning the matter they replied it is of the Lord and we have nothing to say. The parents as well as herself were in the clear full experience of full salvation. I relate this to say that a matter of so great importance should have the clear evidence of the divine approval which in many cases would prevent so much divorce and shameful separations. I do know it is the privilege of God's children to know God's leadings in so important a matter as marriage. It will settle differences that are most sure to come up in after life and all the nonsense of the flesh and devil as to affinities. If it was the Lord's appointment, it still is, then let that settle it forever and adjust whatever may come up to his ordering and plan for us. Our next two years was in Wisconsin.

CHAPTER II

Wisconsin, the Second Year

During the second year in Wisconsin while holding a protracted meeting a strange woman came to our cottage day meeting, she watched us and knelt when we knelt, also the next day as at first, then she ventured to attend the night meeting at the schoolhouse. The second night she brought her husband. At the altar call she came with others; her second night at the altar she sprang to her feet and turned her face toward her husband saying in an emphatic tone, "O Jamy, Jamy, bring along your dirty heart and let God wash it on His golden washboard and He will make it white as snow"; so the next night he did and found her saying true by his experience. The next Lord's day they brought their two children, the first time in their lives, to a Protestant Sunday school and it also was the first for the parents. They cleaned up their home yard, mended their broken down picket fence and changed for the better, dressing themselves and children anew, and broke the gallon whisky jug they had been in the habit of filling at Whitewater each Saturday and having a big drunk over Sunday. They were good loyal Catholics before this, they told us. At the close of this meeting we had what I have called my

Pentecost—a number had been saved but many seemed indifferent and at the close of preaching and an altar call, before dismissing, I said, “We have reached too steep a grade with our train to make the grade without more power, we have sanded the track, thrown coal and pitch on the fire but we are stalled unless we get on more power, we will sing the doxology, as it is time to close, and all that choose to retire can do so, but we invite all that will tarry and consent to turn the meeting over to the Holy Ghost to remain.”

Two went out and I walked down to the middle of the house, dropping on my knees saying, “Let us pray,” commenced by repeating the hymn

“Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek the Lord in vain?
In compassion now descend.”

and as I repeated this line the Spirit fell upon us in an indescribable way, striking all over the whole congregation as sensibly as a real gust of wind would strike. Many sprang to their feet; some ran to their friends, embracing each other. A sailor who had just left the ocean and was home to see his widowed mother, ran to one corner of the building and was going through the motions of climbing up the rigging of a vessel in a storm. One man who was trying to reach a neighbor to confess he had stolen a sack of potatoes from him, fell, and his feet as I saw

him was above one of the benches, higher than his head. A bachelor, who had backslidden, ran to his old Christian mother, a widow, who had been praying for his return, and they met, clasping each other in their arms. The whole house was in an uproar and the meeting closed without any benediction. Some laughed, some shouted, confessions were made and the Holy Ghost had His way. Power came and took the train over the grade. When the fire fell it melted all hearts together as nought else can do. More was accomplished in five minutes than appeared in the two weeks' meeting going before. I felt we had got to the end of ourselves and the meeting must close unless the Holy Ghost took the meeting altogether into His hands. I had no plan how or what to do, only to throw the responsibility on to Him and He had the whole ordering of it. I went down into the middle of the house and dropped on my knees and the poem came to me and I commenced to repeat, "In compassion now descend." He took it off our hands and managed the whole service. It was in great loving compassion indeed. I never think of it but to praise Him.

God's plan is to use a human leader, and to ignore His plan and to recklessly turn a meeting over to the Holy Ghost gives the Devil a chance to largely run it. I have witnessed a few of such meetings and some will make the mistake and call liberty, license, and go to throwing clubs at each other; and some one will take the liberty to

push in his hobby or false doctrine so there is need for a wise human leader led by the Holy Ghost.

At this place my brother, D. F. Shepardson, had introduced the second work of grace by the Holy Ghost baptism for the first time some two years previous, and as usual the nominal churches and preachers did not understand it, not having the experience, and it really caused trouble in churches and families where some got the experience. Two brothers and one of their wives got the glorious experience and one of them made considerable noise about his, and it troubled his intelligent, good Baptist wife, and she thought there was no use making so much noise about his religion. She and her Baptist church and preacher were religious, and that was enough and she charged him with being foolish. She was not rude in her opposition, for she was an intelligent lady, but thought these holiness people, with her husband, were a little demented and took some pains to let them know her mind.

One morning at family prayer while her husband was praying and she kneeling with her eyes shut, she saw a road that was graded up above the level, and as she farther looked the road seemed too narrow for two to walk side by side, but there was, I think, my brother and his wife and the few holiness professors, marching single file singing, "O the way is so delightful in the service of the Lord," and the road ended at heaven's open gate. Then she saw on the side

of the road large gilt letters and she said, "I will see what these letters spell," and the first was H then O, then L-I-N-E-S-S. She rose from her knees, not to oppose but sought and found and has been a champion for the truth and has been made delegate several times by the Free Methodist church to their general conferences. If I remember she saw herself, church and preacher in the low marshy grounds below the elevated road with garments soiled.

This sister was honest like Saul of Tarsus, but ignorant, so God took special pains to enlighten her by the vision as He did Saul and will those who are willing to walk in the light. The trouble with many is it is going to cost more than they are willing to pay and God knows it and I believe withholds the light He would otherwise give. Consent to walk in the light at whatever cost.

This woman came from one of the first families and stood well in her Baptist church and it meant death at her father's, mother's, sisters' brothers' homes. She was no longer to be a Baptist and it meant separation from the most intelligent where she was leader in clubs and social circles, but she was honest and said, "All for Jesus, a walk single file, the narrow road."

I knew her life by visits at her home and in the house of God for years, she was one of the happiest women I ever knew. She helped her husband's brother to furnish me with three hundred dollars to exempt me from the United

States draft during the Civil War. She still lives at Seattle, a burning and shining light. In her last letter to wife and I, she sent an order for this book when published.

While on this work I was drafted to be a soldier during the Civil War and was to appear at Milwaukee within thirty days, some eighty miles from our circuit. I made all arrangements to go if after the surgical examination at Milwaukee I was accepted, and sent wife and two children to her father's in Illinois, eighty miles distant. , One of our dear holiness brethren Dutton by name, said to me, "I will take you with carriage to Elkhorn, fifteen miles, where you take the cars to go to be examined." Accordingly he landed me at the depot and we took dinner at the hotel, waiting for our train, and as I stepped on the car he also came on with me, and as the train began to move he handed me a roll of paper and stepped off, saying, "Brother Shepardson, don't you go." I had no knowledge what he had given me, but placing my satchel I sat down and unrolled the paper and found three hundred dollars in greenbacks which would exempt me from the draft if accepted. After thorough examination with shirt off they gave me an exemption paper on the grounds of tubercular consumption and general debility and I was able to return to Brother Dutton three hundred dollars, which I did in two days. I tried to thank my brother, with weeping eyes saying in my heart, "this beats lodgery," as I once said to a

preacher who had George Washington in a frame in his office with a Masonic apron on and I asked him why he did that. He replied it seemed necessary to advertise that he was a Mason to get custom saying that if he wanted a favor he would sooner go to a Masonic brother than to any of his church members. I replied to him that was a shame, "and if your church members' religion is not higher than the lodges you preachers are to blame." I know Godliness beats all and said to him, "it is for the want of God's religion you preachers and church members are in the lodges." Washington warned the nation against secret societies saying, "I have not been inside of a lodge within the last twenty years."

While holding a meeting in West Troy, Walworth County, Wisconsin, a man by the name of Sage, a blacksmith by trade, came to our meetings and a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. I saw and heard by his testimony that he was savingly acquainted with the Lord. He had been in the shade as a Christian and went to California and left his family without much or any explanation why, but while there fell in with some holiness people and got really saved and had returned to his family, but his testimonies on the doctrine of full salvation did not make him popular with either of the churches there, but I saw the Spirit was with him and got him to come out some twenty miles where I was holding a protracted meeting and during the day we visited together among the families, inviting them

to church, talking and praying with them when it seemed best. At some of the places he would be led to do the most of the talking and praying and at other places I would be led to do the talking. I learned from this experience why the Lord Jesus sent out his preachers by twos or by pairs, while "one shall chase a thousand two shall put ten thousand to flight." The early Methodists practiced this by putting two preachers on the same work and as long as they did not get jealous of each other it worked well and there was in the pulpit when they had an exhorter some one to follow the preacher and emphasize some important part of the sermon that often doubled the effect of the sermon. In union there is strength, and where the two recognize that the Holy Ghost is in charge at the meeting it works well and He should be honored as head and leader.

This man had a God-given dream that took him out of his church and put him with the holiness few in the Free Methodist church, where he did a great work in the gospel ministry. As he was a blacksmith he dreamed he had an iron he wished to heat so that he could change its shape. He went to a forge and put his iron into the place for fire and used the bellows, but the more he used the bellows to create the heat the colder his iron became so he went to another and still a third with the same result and he was surprised and as he looked around he saw there was a time when there was a great amount of

work done there, the cinders that covered the floor were abundant and the machinery in the large shop and the many furnaces told that there had been a time when a great amount of work had been done but he must go elsewhere to find another forge to heat his iron. When he awoke he had the interpretation. Once the Methodist Episcopal church was a power but her day was past, and we or my brother took him into the holiness church.

At a place called the Marsh, a few miles from Delevan, Walworth County, we commenced for a series of meetings that continued over the tenth week. It was a farming community with no church and a small school house. On Lord's day quite a number would meet and pitch quoits, play ball and run foot races. A Baptist preacher or two had held a few meetings there some time before I commenced and one of them had said you might about as well go to Hell to preach as at the Marsh, but I said I thought if they had not quite got there we, with God's gospel, might head them off and prevent their going there.

There being but one or two professors in the community I thought it best to direct my preaching to non-professors or sinners and after two weeks I invited sinners to a mourner's bench and about a dozen came and wife and I labored with them as best we could to get them to pray or say or do something more than to come to the altar. This was repeated some three nights without getting them any farther than to just come

to the altar, and wife said the third night, "I wish every one of you would leave the altar and go to your seats," and they did. It took me a little by surprise but I saw she was right, and people had better not come to an altar until so convicted and guilty that they would be ready to groan, pray, or speak. So I backed up and went to preaching the law and "crying aloud and showing the people their sins." Awake, Awake Zion—and for "Zion's sake I will not hold my peace until her righteousness goes forth with righteousness, and as a lamp that burneth," and exposed sham and false religion that was called Christianity but was short of God's Bible standard. I was determined to keep the altar clear until they wanted salvation bad enough to pay the price. After nearly or quite two weeks, upon giving out my text and commencing to use the gospel "sword which is the Word of God," a woman in the back of the house began to scream and could make more noise than I could so I halted and said, "If it is salvation you want that is just what we want and for that alone we preach and if there be others in the house like you, come to the altar," and they came this time without urging and was ready to do their own praying and all through the meetings they got saved on their seats while we were preaching or on their way to and from church for there was no room for an altar nor standing in the house but with door and windows open our congregations were largely out doors, the house being

small. There was a Baptist deacon that lived in the neighborhood that had his membership in the Baptist church at Sugar Creek, some two or three miles from the Marsh, and his actions showed before the meetings closed that he was more Baptist than Christian. After the meeting was a success in saving souls he wanted to break up the meeting and get the converts to go to his Baptist church and got their Baptist preacher from Delavan to come and commence a meeting at Sugar Creek and called the people to vote our meeting to stop as it was injuring the day school. He tried it one, and I think three nights, he was one of the trustees, but there was a worldly man, a justice of the peace, that took sides publicly against the deacon with the community and the meeting went on and the lady school teacher was converted and she closed the school so that we held meetings day and night for weeks in the house. The justice was not converted during the meetings but in every way helped as sexton and as my counselor how to care for the best interests of the meeting, telling me there had never been such an interest in that community before. Some three of his children with a daughter-in-law were converted during the meeting. The deacon stayed by for a time and would get in his dry killing prayer and while he was praying wife broke in and prayed him up and out, and he got up from his knees and took a seat on the top of a writing desk as that was the only spot in the crowded house and looked at her who had

silenced him by her loud importunate prayer. I think that was his last cold prayer in our live meeting. But that was not the end of his effort to work against the meeting. Two of his daughters came to the altar and he told them if they went to that Methodist altar again he would horse-whip them when they came home; it drove them both from their home. He got his Baptist preacher and he opened a meeting at his Sugar Creek church and with his team canvassed the neighborhood where our meeting was going on to get the converts and the people to go with him over to their meeting, but he failed to get many or any to go with him and their meeting only continued a few nights for the want of a congregation. The revival was general, reaching those in other districts miles away. Nearly every family in that locality was converted or some portion of the family and we organized a Wesleyan Methodist church and had a Sabbath school and preaching established there.

Out of the many incidents of interest we will name a few: An old man who had been a Mormon was blessedly converted and we preached at his funeral before our ten weeks' meeting closed. There was a young man, a mute, converted, who had attended the State Mute school and his mother had learned their mute language from him and she talked to him with her fingers and motions while the preacher was preaching so that he got the truth from the sermon and was converted. A Norwegian man who had just come

from Norway attended meetings but could not understand English, would go home from the meetings and get down on his knees and pretend to pray, pounding the chair as he told after he could talk English, but his mock prayers caused by the Devil in him, changed to real earnest prayer to God for his salvation and God saved him and with another of his countrymen joined the Wesleyan church and the other became a licensed local preacher among their people as well as ours. The Holy Ghost convicted and converted that man without his understanding our language, but I think he must have known something of the Bible in his own language. There was an Irish Catholic wonderfully saved. The interest became so general that it reached him and I noticed him the first night he came and he got a seat in front of me on the top of a writing desk; his old coat had a rent in it about the shoulder that revealed his would-be white shirt; his large head was well covered with hair but it stuck up and out like a brush heap, and as though it had never had rake or comb applied to it, but he gave undivided attention to the preacher. He came the second night with the same fixed attention, occupying the same elevated seat. The third night when there was given opportunity for testimony or to ask for prayers he was on his feet to confess his need, and ask prayers. His broken Irish and crooked, ungrammatical speech brought the house down, especially the young folks boiled over with

laughter, but he was in earnest and wife and I stood by him and encouraged him. I remember in one of his first vocal prayers he cried out, "O Lord, educate me, educate me," and in a few nights it became apparent to all that God answered his earnest prayer. Before the meetings closed Patrick Arner became a real help to the meetings in his testimonies and prayers. I did not get jealous over him but I was quite sure people came miles to hear him. When he prayed he seemed to climb up into the very presence of God and bring Him into our midst. I went over to his shanty, about a mile away, to visit him and he saw me coming and hastened to meet me some way from the door, throwing his great arm around me, saying, "Come in, but I am not worthy that thou should come under my roof." He told me the text that I used that reached him was, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." He soon shed his ragged clothes and combed his hair, and his new religion made a good looking man of him and a happy man, and the last I knew of Patrick Arner, he was holding on the good way he there found. My observation is that Christianity refines and elevates the possessor.

There was a wicked man that told his wife if she did not cease going to the altar he would kill himself and got out his razor and sharpened it before her at their home, saying he would cut his throat. This was his last threat to keep her

from the meetings. He stood in the way of others who later were converted and wife and I made his case a special one by a day of fasting and prayer, and that night he was so distressed and wrought upon by the Spirit that he came to the altar himself and cried for mercy and confessed that he had stood outside the house and heard the preaching though he had not been inside before. This move of his cleared the way for his wife and others who sought and found, but he never came out a Christian and soon returned to his former business, opening a saloon. But God answered prayer and forced him to get out of the way of his wife and others.

Soon after the close of these meetings there were a number of deaths and three of them were saved in the meetings. One of these was a beautiful twelve year old girl, the daughter of the justice whose name was Dunham, that had encouraged the meetings but had not consented fully to pay the price of God's salvation; Julia was her name and she was the pet of the family and before her last hours, conscious of her departure, got, I think, the loving hand of her father who sat by her bed and said, "Father, I can't die until you will promise me you will be a Christian and meet me in Heaven." He yielded and gave her the promise and Julia bade all good-by till we meet across the "River." Some ten days later the father announced to his neighbors that there would be a religious meeting at his house that night, inviting them to come, and as

we lived some twelve miles distant he came for me with his conveyance and when we and the people had come in he rose and stated his promise to his dying Julia, and had called this meeting to make his promise good, and falling on his knees asked all to pray for him. The prayer meeting was short and turned to a praise and testimony meeting and his testimony, I think, was among the first to say Jesus is my Savior too.

CHAPTER III

Illinois, Aurora and Big Rock

Our appointments were ten miles apart. Aurora City charge was the most important charge in the conference. Rev. George Fox was also appointed with me or I with him. He only filled one or two appointments and died with consumption, leaving me in charge of the entire work. I have wondered as I look back to those days how God gave me courage to preach to a number of my learned intelligent congregation; two intelligent bankers, one of their wives a most learned high school principal, as well as others, and then the greater wonder that they would and did put up with one so much below them in culture and attainment. I only can account for it that they had that wonderful grace that "beareth all things," and God wonderfully helped the sincere preacher. We had the best church house and I think the largest attendance in the conference. I gave every ounce of strength and hour of time to the work, and some months before my conference year closed I failed. I did just what Wesley told his preachers not to do, "Not to holler" and brought on an abcess on my left lung. I was conscious I was failing but I continued until I utterly failed in the pulpit. I had preached in the morning and preached at a funeral service in the afternoon and

came into my pulpit for the night service and said to a local preacher, "I wish you would preach to-night, I fear I shall not be able to go through the service." He replied quite emphatically, "I won't take the responsibility." The house was full and I think there were others outside not able to get seats. I said, "then I will try." At about the middle of my sermon my speech failed, I motioned to the brother and sat down. It was my closing sermon for nearly five years. My Holy Ghost physician and a class leader said to me a month before it came to pass "I might as well tell you, Brother Shepardson, when that abcess breaks (which has become large and heavy) you will die and if you have any business that needs attention the sooner you attend to it the better." I was confined to my bed for a few days before the time of my departure, as I had supposed, had fully come. One sister had come from a distance to see me die, with others. When the abcess broke I called for wet and hot woolen cloths to be thrown over my naked chest repeating often and hot, I did it to give relief and to stimulate heart action for the heart would make violent motion, then cease action, being clogged by the water and pus. After some minutes I became more eased and quiet and all retired into another room but leaving the door wide open between us. I was on my back looking towards the ceiling overhead and I saw something move and as the objects became more distinct I saw a company of angels that stood in the air with

flowing garments covering their feet and their attention turned and looking at me, so calm and indescribably beautiful and tarried some two minutes and as quietly retired, I thought they were my escort and I was to go with them; a few moments passed and to my delight they returned with added number and came nearer. This was repeated the third time. I thought each time of their coming I was surely to go back with them. I now think the repetition was to make sure it was no deception to me. The sight remains in memory as though they appeared to-day and reader, if you had been near me to-day while recalling the vision you would have heard me say, "Glory," it came unbidden and was a surprise to myself that it developed with a clear loud ring of voice. To attempt to describe who and what I saw is but mockery. The one that came the nearest me especially was the best described as I tried to describe to my wife as it came to me, "O the One altogether lovely" human words or any comparison falls infinitely short of reality. Spiritual revelations can only be spiritually discerned by the Spirit. Six or eight came within ten feet of me, elevated about the same height from me, standing in the air looking down upon me. I then and now feel I was never so honored by any royalty from heaven or earth, when so unworthy.

Well, I mean to return their visit some day soon, and humbly thank them for the great comfort their visit brought and has followed me all my life.

Their third and last visit was attended with a measureless train of thousands of angels so far back of the few that the eye could not reach the end of the train. This view I am not able to interpret but causes me to think of the glorious day when our king and Savior "shall come bringing all the holy angels with Him, and the righteous dead shall be resurrected and the righteous living be changed and caught up to meet the Lord in the air," and might it not proclaim His coming near? Is it possible you and I may live to see that day?" I so think. I was given the use of my Spirit eyes "whether in the body or out I cannot tell" but I was not conscious that soul and body had separated, but that my time to die had come according to the law of nature. Had He that is the resurrection and the life interfered and robbed Death of her prey? I am becoming more conscious that angels have much knowledge of what is going on in our world and are message bearers between Heaven and earth. Yes, report the daily news both ways but especially from earth. They knew the prophecies of the Savior's coming and the importance of His coming to this sin-cursed world and they were ahead of the wise men of earth who saw the "Bethlehem star" and was with Mary and Joseph when the Christ was born and saw Him wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in the manger, and made the first report to Heaven, I think, for suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly hosts with them praising God with song pitched

on the highest key as they announced to the shepherds the glad tidings that to-day a Savior is born in the City of David which is Christ the Lord. Earth got their first news from the angels. The apostle puts the question significantly, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" "The angel of the Lord encampeth about them who fear Him." God's angels have their home but, like some of God's comets, make long trips, visiting many other worlds within their appointed circuit. They are used to report warnings and to visit with death as the rain of fire of Sodom, and were death angels one night throughout Pharaoh's dominion. But they come to bring good news to protect, to comfort, as their visit to me. I believe every heir of Heaven will be visited with one or more as their escort to their Heavenly home when the soul leaves the body.

CHAPTER IV

Wisconsin, Second Time

Back to Wisconsin a few weeks after getting off my bed but in great feebleness. My brother and I bought together a small farm because there was a comfortable house on it where my family could live, and as we had no income from which to live I secured a pedler's wagon and had some bills printed stating the goods I carried and the prices (for I could not talk, only whisper, with much suffering). We succeeded fairly in our new business but I remember there came a time when cupboard and eatables got quite low and I was going to the grist mill with my last wheat and as I now remember it was nearer a half bushel than a bushel; about a mile from home I heard a call and turned to see a man on his horse calling me to halt and return for there was a number of my old friends had come twelve miles to visit us. I returned with him to find my old friend, the justice from the Marsh, where we had held the revival two years before and three others with him at our house and they were unloading from their two-horse wagon, flour, bacon and hams, butter, tea and coffee, potatoes, corn and oats, for horse as well, that I think was a supply equal for six months, also pies, cookies and dinner for all. We had a good social and Christian visit.

Thanking them and the Lord who has never failed us these seventy-six years and has fulfilled His promise to those who "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

We were curious to know how they were in knowledge of our circumstances for we had not seen them nor communicated to any, but we afterward learned that a poor unfortunate woman called Olive (I won't give her sirname lest it might reflect on her well-to-do kindred). She was a Christian but had been wretchedly marked before birth by her drunken father coming home before recovering from a drunken revel. She was anything but a pleasant sight in her walk, manner, and speech, but an intelligent Christian. Her connections would not have her in their homes and we took her to keep her out of the poorhouse where she had been and must go, so wife and I took her in and she knew about our home and had reported to them unknown to us. So the Lord more than rewarded us for caring for one of His children.

At this time my brother, D. F. Shepardson, had appointed a camp meeting across Lake Michigan near Saranac. Brother and his wife with two others were going. I was too feeble to go but told wife to go with them and I would care for our two children at home. After the meeting had been running a number of days the two preachers, who were doing the preaching became too hoarse to preach and wife and others were in the altar holding a prayer service, wife was

vocally praying and in much earnest said, "O Lord, send somebody to break the bread of life to this waiting people, send by whom thou wilt but send." Brother Sage, who was one of the preachers, came to her while she was still on her knees and touched her shoulder saying, "Sister Shepardson, will you preach at the next service?" She hesitated, but replied, "I will answer you in an hour." Taking her Bible she retired to ask her Lord about it. She replied, "Brother Sage, I will try if my babe is quiet." Her sister held the child while she broke the bread, answering her own prayer with marked help from her Lord, and did the most of the preaching to the close of the camp. She had been asked to accept license previous but she had said, "The Lord will let me know about that." She told me after taking the pulpit she felt as much at home as she ever did in her kitchen. When returning she took charge of a regular work and hired a housekeeper, giving her time and life until her health utterly failed and won numbers from the broad way into the way of life and leading believers into the highway of Holiness. I most gladly drove the horse for her and held the babe in the pulpit while she preached. She closed her earth suffering and mission within the last eight months, giving her funeral text, "I have refined thee but not with silver but have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

We held a camp meeting on her charge and she proposed a month previous that as a church

we call ourselves sharpshooters and each choose someone to specially pray for that they might be converted at the camp meeting and there was a feeble young preacher stopping with us and she asked him who he had chosen as a subject of prayer? He replied, "Dave Hill." Of all the hard cases in that country there was not his equal, he had said he would whip the preacher for I had warned a young lady convert not to be too familiar with the wicked fellow.

The camp meeting opened and he got a number like himself and they went five miles to Belvedere and brought with them a gallon of whisky and came onto the ground to break up the camp. A pouring rain came down that night and drove everybody into the large tent, it turned the meeting mostly into a prayer service and Hill and his allies were crowded in with the praying crowd, and He that answereth prayer came also and Hill found that though he was a pugilist he had found the One he could not match and he saw his lost condition and surrendered and the lion became as a lamb. The news that Dave Hill was converted got to his old feeble mother in her home a mile or two distant and she came in their carriage early to the camp and he went to meet her and took her from the carriage in his strong arms and carried her to the tent. It was a sight that will never be forgotten by those who saw it. The little preacher's prayer was mighty through God and brought the Goliath down. He was another Saul on his way to persecute the

people of God but prayer in both cases prevailed. It was a proof of what the Book says, "There is nothing too hard for God."

A talented Spiritualist lecturer came out of curiosity to hear the woman preacher and became interested and repeated her coming until she saw God's religion was the true but said before this she thought spiritualism was the best, but being honest in heart if not right in head, God saved her and she became an efficient preacher afterwards in the Wesleyan Methodist church.

While wife was at the camp meeting where she got her decisive call to preach a pedler called on me who was selling screened milk safes and stopped on the road in front of my door to sell to me. I told him our cow was not giving milk or that we did not need one. I took occasion before he left to inquire if he was a Christian. He dropped his head answering, "No, but once I was," and farther adding that was the greatest trouble of his life that he had fallen. I said, "hitch your team under my shed and feed them and come in and lunch with me though my wife is away." He did and we had a religious talk and prayer together. He disposed of his pedler's rig by going to Michigan where it belonged and in about two weeks came to my door with satchel in hand saying he had come that he might find the dear Lord. He stayed a number of weeks before his faith took hold of his pardoning Savior. He went with us to all our religious meetings and would follow me to the orchard or wherever

I went out of doors he would keep with me. He once proposed to trade coats with me for he did not know but the Devil was in his coat, but he finally found his grieved Savior, returned to Michigan, received license and the last I heard of him he was publishing the great salvation that saves from all sin.

This case was with the Scripture "instant in season and out of season," and that is putting the subject of salvation above all or any other subject. It is proper to introduce it when it would be out of order to introduce any other.

Pastoral visiting, which is so important, I think, is largely overlooked and ruled out. We are too tame or fearful in our work lest we take people by surprise or call untimely. Well, the people need to be surprised and by surprising them with our earnestness and interest in them will accomplish much more than to preach to empty seats in the church, and like begets like, if you are greatly interested in them and for them they will become interested in the subject and in you and in no other way will you keep the fire and the anointing on your own soul. I learn the condition and need of the people by meeting and talking face to face with individuals. It is well to get a book and theological schooling but there is another schooling we must take and that is by becoming acquainted with the people and know what they believe and what their difficulties and objections are, you will get the knowledge by pastoral visiting, I

mean saint and sinner as well. I feel mightily stirred while I write over this neglected duty. The sin of neglect is a damning sin. I think it is quite possible for preachers to backslide. A preacher cannot do all his work in his study and in his pulpit. I often have called on wash day or when it might seem untimely hours after night to see the men that I could not see by day but I would say I am on the Lord's business and on His time. "In season and out of season" I wanted to let them know I was in earnest.

Brother Paul taught by his example the importance of pastoral work, "Teaching and warning the people day and night with tears, publicly and from house to house." A lazy preacher God has no use for. Half the time many spend in their study if used in visiting saint and sinner would accomplish much more in increasing his congregations and the salvation of men. This "sowing beside all waters" will surely reach and save some and coming back to his study and prayer, he will find his own soul has been blessed and he will be able to get better sight and with his long range gun from the pulpit do double execution.

CHAPTER V

To Kansas

I disposed of farm, horse and buggy and for health interests moved to Kansas for a warmer and drier climate, unable to talk but little from suffering lung. Bought a small farm near Circle-ville, fifty miles west of the Missouri river, where there was a high school that our children might attend. There was a Methodist society and two preachers on the circuit. There was no church house in the village but a town hall where church and the Masons met and the preacher in charge was a good Mason and I think the chaplain of the lodge. The young preacher seemed to be religious and visited us and the need of a revival was brought out and wife with us two agreed to pray for a revival. A protracted meeting was opened and the preacher in charge did the preaching with perhaps one exception when my wife preached, it continued nearly two weeks and was about to close without any apparent awakening or conversions, but it was so ordered about the night for closing two Wesleyan Methodists came in before the preaching commenced and one of them a preacher I had known in Illinois and I went to the preacher in charge and introduced my friend saying it would be safe to invite this man to preach for I knew him in Illinois; so he

did and before he was through it was apparent to all that he was God's baptized preacher and he was invited to preach next night. He answered by saying he would on condition that he could preach for six nights. It was granted and before he had preached four nights there was a rush to the long bench or altar and it was more than full of earnest seeking souls. The leading merchant and his son-in-law who had made his fortune in the gold mines and was called the millionaire, and among many others was the wicked man I had bought my place of. I found quite a number of empty whisky flasks in the sides of his straw stable as I pulled it down. He was a shoemaker by trade but he was such a profane swearer the children were afraid to take their shoes to his shop. He had a few cows and they were near or in sight of my house and we could see him break boxes and milk stools on his poor cows when they did not just suit him when milking; other things that were suspicioned I won't name, but he came to the altar and about the second night when there was testimonies given he was on the floor and said, "Neighbors, I want to tell you that it seems to me that Bugbee (which was his name) has moved out of town and another man had come in his place." The neighbors and his cows if they could have spoken would all have said amen. But his nice, intelligent wife did not at first take it in the same way, the Devil got her so stirred up over re-

ligion she said she would no longer live with him and packed her trunk to go to Ohio where her parents and friends lived but there was another spirit more mighty working with her that prevailed and in a night later I saw her at the altar pounding with her hands the altar where she knelt, her long beautiful hair hanging down her back flopping as her head came backwards and forwards violently, crying for mercy. But soon a great peace took possession and she found her husband's Savior too and gave up her Ohio trip, unpacked her trunk, and found out that her husband's religion made a better husband.

This is the best side of this revival I am sorry to say. I was away some few months and on returning I found quite a number of the young converts backslidden. I looked for the cause and was made sensible they had died for want of motherly care. The preacher, a Mason, discontinued the meeting one night to hold the lodge. The nominal church, mostly dead, was in no condition to mother the babes, for young converts must be nursed with care. The promoters of the revival did not belong to that church, and a church that has not warmth enough or travail of soul to have souls born unto them, are not fit to care for some other folks' children. I saw the real reason for backsliding was that these converts need not have died had they joined a live church. This is not an isolated case with me, I have found it all important before preaching to

outside sinners to give time and that class of preaching to the church. They will either get mad sometimes or fully embrace the truth. One of these Wesleyan men (now a preacher) had a dream and said to me in the morning as he came from his room, "Well, Brother Shepardson, we Wesleyans are through here. I saw we were the lead team on a reaper cutting down the grain and the head preacher said we might take off our team, they could run the reaper without ours. And so it happened, and they opened their church doors and took in sixty members. The converts were not their real children. I have observed the hen that hatched the chickens is much more likely to care for her own chickens than any other hen, and if a chicken runs from its own mother to some other hen to be hovered, is more likely to get picked than hovered.

The reason so many preachers and churches have no revivals and are taking into their churches unconverted sinner or are numerically growing smaller is that they are dead. It takes warm, experience that illustrates this truth, I purchased some eggs of an extra breed and put them under the best setter, as I supposed, and when the time for the chicks to come off and they did not show up I went to the nest and found the hen on but she was dead, and no chickens. It took warm, loving hearts, warm, earnest importunate prayers and Holy Ghost preaching to produce life and warmth to awaken and save the lost. God's only

plan is "the Spirit and the Bride say come." And God's plan will succeed if the Spirit and the Bride are really united.

I purchased team and covered wagon, making weekly trips, sleeping in or under the wagon nights from Circleville, our home, to Leavenworth City on the Missouri river, sixty miles distant. I carried from a number of village stores their butter, eggs and other articles as well as buying from them and selling in the city and bringing their goods from the wholesale houses in the city. I improved in health by this outdoor life. I finally moved into the city, found a physician whom I once knew in Illinois, who was then a preacher. He persuaded me to come into his office and study and I should go out to see patients with him and thus learn to diagnose the disease as well as to study in his office. I gave him some notes payable in one year or sooner if I could, for my privilege in the office and out. He pressed me for the pay before I had entered his office and sent an officer to put me through or collect the notes. I advised with a Quaker justice and a preacher what I was to do. They said, "Put your property into another's hands." I engaged the justice to draw up the papers and I would put it into a preachers possession. I called at his office and he read me the papers and said all that was lacking was my name to it. I was surprised to find it was a bona-fide deed. I asked him his charge for mak-

ing out the papers. He told me a dollar. I handed him the dollar and took the papers and opened the stove door where there was a fire and threw them in. They reproved me saying in such a case we could not be so concientious. I said, "I can't sign it." I jumped on to my horse and headed for Circleville and went into a blacksmith shop to get a shoe on my horse, I think six miles before reaching Circleville and told him I had come up to sell my place. He said, "I want to buy such a place, I think," and he got a horse and rode out. It suited him and the price and the next day I was on my way back to Leavenworth with farm in my pocket, with a good conscience, thanking God who is a very present help in time of need. I was not sorry that I had valued a good conscience worth more than my farm.

The outing and Kansas climate with His blessing restored my voice so that a year's stay enabled me to commence preaching. My friends in Illinois had advised me to stay and be buried among my friends but I told them I was going West for my grave if God and climate did not prevent a funeral in my case.

I commenced preaching in the city. I stood on a Christian man's porch and my congregation sat or stood in his front yard. Twelve miles out west from the city at a village called Circleville where the Quakers had a society and church house lived a Wesleyan local preacher who had

married a Quaker wife and invited me to come out and preach at the Quaker church. I told him to get the liberty of the church. Accordingly I came and held a month night and day meetings. I had had a little experience with the Quakers in Ohio when a Bible agent among them that prepared me a little for some things I had to contend with. They are not to pray, speak or sing only as the Spirit moves them and as all the children are born birthright Quakers and are recorded as members there are but few that have ever been born of the Spirit and hence the Spirit scarce ever moves them and the common services which they hold publicly twice every week are seasons of silence until the head man shakes hands with the man next to him and they all do the same and are thus dismissed. Occasionally a traveling preacher man or woman, may be present to talk or possibly some member may say a word. I think it was nearly two weeks before I could get a word, prayer or song from one of them. The first was from a young married man who rose and stated God had so blessed him all the day he could no longer hold his peace. I commended him for his testimony and pressed others if they had ever had an experience or wanted one to let it be known. The solemn silence as they call it, broke, and testimonies of a new experience and prayers and songs came on and became general until a number of the old elders who had never seen things after this

fashion in a Quaker church became fearful we might turn their church into a Methodist church and held a council and thought it best to have the meeting closed. But the real revival flame had spread and many of their young people especially were clearly converted and outsiders as well. Many got what the Free Methodists in their beginning called the "can't keep still blessing." And I want to say God gives His Spirit blessing to be used, to be passed on to others and when kept to ourselves and not passed on that others may know and get it too, it won't last. It grows mightily by use. Here comes the damning sin of neglect that so many break connection with the grieved Spirit. This question is not a trifling one, it is to walk in the light or lose our way and miss Heaven. Christ emphasizes this all-important truth, "Let your light so shine before men that others may see and glorify your father in heaven." Your light is not to be put under a bushel but on a candlestick that it may give light to all in the house." These Christian testimonies should not only be given at testimony meetings but outside with your neighbors and so the business men where you work, and individual cases so that all may know what a Savior you have found and which side I vote for, God or the Devil. Paul has it "Living epistles read and known of all men." Professed Christians should carry an individual lamp, throwing their light on the world around them. God help

you, dear reader, to be one of them. This is the cross over which thousands backslide. I could have endorsed by lying once, the doctrine of "once in grace, always in grace," and received a larger salary than I have ever received, but I said to the committee, "While I love and respect many that teach it in your church, I know better and must accept the third and thirty-third chapters of Ezekiel and say, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'" I can't pass this subject without saying that thousands have lost their experience and don't know what is the matter, but the fact is with them and possibly with you, dear reader, it is the case of the man who dug a hole and hid his talent in the earth and lost all. Many times in my earlier experience when it was a cross and feeling was against such a testimony I arose and testified to what I knew, God honored me and gave me a fresh blessing so that my vessel run over for days. God has wonderful blessings for us when He can trust us.

We were invited from here to hold meetings some twelve miles west near Valley Falls in a district school house. We preached at night and held day prayer meetings among the people in the afternoons at private houses. As usual I preached the law and had the church or professors stand up and take their measure by it, to see if they and the law agreed. The break came in about ten days. The revival became quite

general over the community. Some startling confessions and adjustments were made. One man who had been a backslider for years got back with clear testimonies and was a real help in the meetings but one night he dropped out and came the next night with the testimony that surprised us all saying, "I am lost, I am lost." We tried to find out his trouble and comfort him believing it was the Devil's temptation but he grew worse in place of better and before the week ended he used a revolver and ended his life. We found out later that a Methodist Episcopal preacher under whom he was converted some twenty years before got him to make one of the charter members of an Odd Fellow's lodge the night of his absence, I think the man had come out of the Masonic lodge and this preacher knew if he could get him into a secret society it would head him off from joining our anti-secret Wesleyan church. This preacher, I was told, charged Shepardson with his death because I exposed and condemned secret societies, especially the Masons. Well, it was wonderful how the Devil used this circumstance to drive our large, interested congregations away. The lodge power works in the dark and brings the lodge power to work against a disturber of their anti-Christ, anti-Republic craft. Our congregations dropped off to a mere handful though the revival was widespread and glorious before this. An ex-presiding elder and his sanctified wife lived in

the community and attended our meetings. He was district presiding elder in Cleveland, Ohio, and knew my people there and of me and he and I had talked over the lodge question together and he had told me he once took positive grounds against the lodge in his earlier ministry but had ceased because it made trouble and seemed to do no good, but when this charge against me came out he could keep still no longer, and being an important and leading man in the city, as well as a number of his sons, he was given the use of the Valley Falls and county paper, and Masonry got such an airing as it never had done before. He knew its oaths, obligations and penalties behind them for any that should violate them. We expect in Heaven to find some trophies gathered there from that hard-fought battle in spite of the poor Mason and Odd Fellow preacher and possibly the preacher too, for our God receiveth repenting sinners. I know I shall be thankfully glad to find any or all of my worst enemies there for if found there I shall know they got in at the same door and way that I, a lost sinner, got in. O glory! That is a wonderful hymn, "He receiveth sinful men."

"O if there is only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King.
This shall my song in eternity be,
O what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

We organized a small church there and held a camp meeting and entertained the second con-

ference, I think, that was held in the state. I wrote to a cousin living near Topeka that I had not seen since we played together as boys twenty or more years before, to attend our meeting and he and his wife came and among others he was blessedly converted. He was a jolly good-natured fellow, liked the dance and belonged to the Masonic lodge but when we opened the doors of the church at the close of camp he came with others and said, "I see you don't receive members of the Grange, or any secret society, and I am a Mason but I want to join your church and live this religion that saves and I give up my lodge for the church." I administered the rite of baptism to him and his wife in the Caugh river. Their joining was the opening door to a glorious revival and church organization in their vicinity and later in the city of Topeka. We afterwards moved into their neighborhood where lived an aunt of mine and four cousins. Their name was White and there was not a black sheep among them. They took us into their homes and cared for our family as though we were the same and our name was White. I am sure when rewards are given for the souls saved in that part and Topeka they will have a right to the greatest reward. Sister Snyder, a widow, but before marriage her name was White. Such a loving company I have yet to find. I would say God bless them, but they are all in Heaven now, and don't need our prayer as the Catholics think or pray.

The Wesleyans have a church there called Elevation. We opened a meeting in a school house called the Moore as he was the most influential man in the district and was an elder in the Presbyterian church at Auburn, three miles from there. As usual we made quite prominent the pentacostal baptism of the Holy Ghost that cleanses from all sin and as usual we find back-slidden members that oppose it and some honestly ignorant that have not given the doctrine serious thought and among the opposers was this good Presbyterian elder. But God blessed the Word preached and quite a few were reclaimed and converted. It was at the close of the year and I gave out a notice for a watch night meeting and engaged the Auburn Baptist preacher to attend and preach one sermon. I think I preached the first sermon and had lifted the standard of a full salvation from outward sins and inward sin, but the Baptist when he preached antagonized the doctrine, and when I threw the meeting open for testimony the elder opened his Bible and read in 1 John, first chapter, eighth verse, "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." saying, "the Word settles that question without controversy," and sat down. I reached for my Bible and wife pulled my coat skirt to hold me in my seat, but I rose and said, "But Brother Moore, why did you not read the next verse, 'If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins

and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," I added, "that sweeps the board and teaches the double cure for sins committed and sin inherited sure," and at this, before I sat down, a dear, intelligent woman, Sister White, rose, saying, "I have just received the witness, He just now cleanses me from all sin." Her testimony and experience was timely. It was the first clear testimony to the pentacostal baptism that cleanses from all sin in these parts. We closed the watch night meeting, giving out an eleven o'clock meeting for the first day in the year. After a short sermon in the morning we turned the service into a prayer and testimony meeting, every one in the house either prayed or spoke, even the Hixite Quaker who was the school teacher got down and repeated the Lord's Prayer. There were new testimonies from new converts and to the double cure. I remember what a young school teacher said who had been converted in the revival, "I have turned over a new leaf in my life and have put my thumb on it hard." Brother Moore, the elder, kept his testimony for the last but saying he would speak when the rest were through (but he had been one of the first to speak or pray). I saw he was much disturbed before making his speech but said when he arose that he was an elder in the Presbyterian church and he wanted everybody to know that he endorsed and believed in and all the Westminster Confession of Faith. As he closed I said, "Let us pray. O Lord, we thank thee for your Bible

that shows us the heavenly way, and now, Lord, if I have got more Shepardson or Methodism in my religion than is in your Bible let me see it, for I am ignorant and liable to err and then, dear Lord, if there is too much of dear Brother Moore make him smaller, or too much of the Westminster catechism in place of the Bible, help him to see it." At the close as we were going out some one said to me, "where are you going for dinner?" I replied, "I hardly know, there are so many places," and just then Brother Moore came near as he was going out and I threw my arm around him saying, "I believe I will go with Brother Moore," and he said, "Yes, do." Our meeting went on to a successful close but Brother Moore became one of the dearest friends. He called a donation for me at his house, his good Presbyterian wife who had never prayed nor spoken in public broke her teaching and record and did both; his oldest daughter, a school teacher, became an earnest Christian and married a Methodist preacher and I think two of his sons were among those converted.

One day as I was on horseback looking up the scattered settlers west on mostly unoccupied prairie during this meeting, I scared up a coyote or prairie wolf, he would let me come within thirty rods and then move on and set down, this he did several times, but unexpectedly I came onto a dugout, as we called it there, a hole dug in the ground with a sod roof just above the level of the ground and I looked down where there

were steps and a small door and halloosed to find if there was life within, and to the door came a woman holding a child in her arms. She told me her husband was a mile or more away quarrying stone. I told her of the meetings a few miles away, inviting her and husband to attend, and rode on and came to her husband digging stone. I asked him if he was digging a grave? Next I asked him if he was ready for his grave? He answered, "I think not." I told him of the meetings and to come and with others get ready to live and to die. He and his wife came and were gloriously saved and later I baptized father, mother and the boy. I learned later that he had left Nebraska in the night and took with him another man's team and wagon which might have been the reason he lived in the dugout miles from anything except the wolf I saw. Near the close of this meeting Brother Moore invited us to come up and hold a night meeting in their large brick church which was a union church, the Baptists and they worshiped at the same. We arranged to do so when our meeting closed. On going we found a full house and before closing the elder rose with a little speech saying he wanted an expression from the congregation and as many as would invite Brother and Sister Shepardson to hold a protracted service in this church to rise, and it appeared unanimous. I replied we would answer the call in a few days.

Auburn had three churches, the Methodist Episcopal the largest numerically. As usual we

first took time to set up God's Bible standard of religion. The first text "The kingdom of God is not meat or drink but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

First negatively, not your church nor my church. Not much water or little water by baptism, not the posture in prayer, standing or kneeling; nor whether we kept Saturday as the Jews or the Lord's day that the Quakers call first day, other forms and some Bible doctrines that seem important to some. All or any of these named observed, practiced, or beliefs, don't decide whether we belong to the Lord or the Devil. Good looketh on the heart, it is character he demands and can't nor won't be fooled however religious our forms or head religion may be.

II. But righteousness surely brings us inside His kingdom. God's kingdom or government is simple, plain, so that the "wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." It is summed up in these two obligations, first his duty to God, second, his duty to his fellowman, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two hang all the law and the prophets." God's kingdom is a wonderful government, it is more liberal than any human government when they comply with His simple all-important law, all ages, all colors, all nationalities, the ignorant as well as the learned. There is much stress placed on head culture by those who have no experience of the renewed heart. While head culture does give

ability to be a more useful Christian it also gives greater power to do more against the kingdom of God. God's religion "comes by hearing" through the head, by imparting knowledge of the heart's need, but it is only the Holy Ghost that can change and make the heart righteous, which is not done by a college diploma, but is a supernatural work, that brings the heart and head into harmony with His government. I have found some college professors and presidents that were as ignorant of God's government and kingdom as the heathen that never saw a Bible, and I have found men and women who could not read the first letter in any written language, who had heard of God's salvation, that had found the experience and could teach the worldly-wise the laws of God's kingdom. God's condition of membership in His church or kingdom is to be born into it. They get into it in no other way. "Ye must be born again," was His word to the wise Nicodemus and he marveled at the conditions, as many worldly-wise do to-day, but not like many others who refuse to comply with the conditions. I am quite sure that he did by his after interest in the embalming the body of Jesus.

III. Peace is a condition of His kingdom, having received a new heart which is in harmony with God and His government, peace reigns within, the soul surrenders to His will, the fight, the rebellion is over.

IV. Joy in the Holy Ghost is "shed abroad in our heart," it is Heaven begun below. His king-

dom has come, His will is done in earth as in Heaven. The same law that rules in Heaven now reigns in that heart. It can't be told so as to be understood, it can only be known by experience, for it is a supernatural experience, performed only by the Holy Ghost. This experience is not worked up by anything man can do, it comes down and is a gift when conditions are met. the conditions can be met by the worst of rebels and be translated into His kingdom this very hour. God waits to do His part the moment we are ready to receive Him.

You have a little of the outline of my first sermon to a mixed congregation from three churches and four preachers and a full house. After a week or ten days the success of the meeting was insured by the growing interest and at the close of the benediction one night one of the Methodist preachers called the congregation to tarry for there was, for the interest of the meeting, a matter that should be considered, namely, this meeting was called a union meeting and there had been no preacher consulted or given the privilege of preaching except Brother Shepardson. I could but see the design to break the meeting or to get control to serve or build up my Methodist church, for the three that were prominent in it were Methodist Episcopalians with one of the Baptist preachers that were not over much spiritual, who wanted to be recognized or put forward. I had to reply in brief that that was true, the meeting was a union meeting and

Brother and Sister Shepardson were invited by a house full of people and it appeared to be unanimous and all were in union that so voted and I do hope that nothing should be introduced to divide or interrupt the meeting and as I was in charge of the meeting and when I believe the interest of the meeting can be best promoted by some other preacher preaching in my place I will certainly give him my place. I gave them to understand it was Christianity in place of Church anity I wished to promote. They repeated nearly the same again as they did not succeed at first but they failed to make a serious interruption and the blessed work went on and then they held a meeting just outside the door by one of the ministers preaching at the same time as ours within, but their hearers were few and the second night or third closed for want of hearers. I don't know how they felt over their effort and failure to ruin our meeting but I felt awfully ashamed for them. Later I think I learned more definitely the cause of these preachers and one or two others, I believe they were Masons. I, no doubt, had exposed the wicked institution, for one of the brightest Masons in the state who was called a bright Mason who was employed by the lodges over the state to come and perform the ceremony in the initiating into the higher degrees came out of the lodge there while we were holding the meetings. I lent him President Finney's expose of Masonry and when he had

read it I asked him if it was true. He replied, "it is true." The Masons had a lodge there and they wanted to drive the anti-preacher out of town. I was talking with the master of the Auburn lodge after or near the close of our meeting, asking him to sign a petition to be sent to Congress asking them to prohibit the Masons laying the cornerstone of the post office in Chicago with the Masonic ceremony. He said he thought it should not be done but he would not sign the prohibition, saying Masonry was a good institution. I referred to their oaths and penalties, saying it cost Morgan his life when he exposed it. He replied, "it is all false, Morgan is now alive, living on one of the Islands of the sea." My grandfather was with me, hearing our talk he spoke up and asked him, numbering and naming the lodge in the East where they both had lived, if he knew that lodge? He said, "Yes, I do well." Grandfather said, "I was a member of that lodge when they killed Morgan and you and I knew he was killed and what is the use of our lying about it." Grandfather had read Finney and other anti books in my library but he had never said that he was ever a Mason until this time, saying to the man and me, "I have never been inside of a lodge since Morgan's abduction and murder." This man was chief of police in Topeka after this, and I have feared he went back to the lodge or he would not have filled so responsible a place. I have felt their power more than once when and where I have done my duty

in exposing the anti-Republic and anti-Christ institution.

Well, back to my subject, the meeting was largely attended and a spiritual uplift in town and country and a good number added to the Lord and there were at the close those who wished the ordinance of baptism administered. I told the converts we would not organize a Wesleyan Methodist church for there were churches enough but I would administer baptism to any or all who wished. The day was set and after preaching we repaired to a beautiful grove and plenty of pure running water. I did not know the number nor their mode until we reached the water. There was a number immersed, one beautiful girl, of about sixteen years, and one man in particular that were immersed among others. The man of whom I speak was a preacher of the United Brethren, he came to me asking me if I would baptize him? I said, "Brother Coven-der, have you never been baptized?" He replied, "my parents say I was but I do not remember it and have never been satisfied." "Well," I said, "it is the answering of a good conscience says St. Paul, and I will." He told me afterwards a great blessing followed a week or more saying, "my body seemed so light my feet hardly touched the ground." The man of the dugout with his wife and three-year-old boy knelt together near the water and were baptized by sprinkling. When he rose he lifted his hands high, saying with a full emphatic voice, "He has come, He

has come," and with a shining face went through the crowd shaking hands with many. I speak of these two who were signally blessed to show God is no respecter of persons nor of modes. The good Baptists and the good Presbyterians saw that God is no stickler for forms but looketh on the heart and though the Quaker leaves off the outward type of the Spirit He blesses them when the heart is honest. But this I will say, that I have the most often seen those who were immersed get the most manifest endorsement by the Holy Ghost, but may it not be because this form is the greater cross?

In this revival we witnessed what we have generally seen in most of God's revivals on our work. This United Brethren preacher who was immersed arose in the midst of the meeting and went to the stove and emptied his pockets of tobacco, and when Elder Moore saw it he followed suit saying, "if Brother Cavender can give up his tobacco, so can I." This pentecostal cleansing gospel cleanses within and works out, cleansing the body, making it the temple of the Holy Ghost. A revival that does not cleanse soul and body is superficial. I tell tobacco and whisky sots where I preach that where the habit has become stronger than the will that God can and will destroy the appetite and enthrone the will, for I have many testimonies confirming and know the cases. Our God is God Almighty and doeth wonders when He has the case fully turned over to Him, Hallelujah!

CHAPTER VI

To Colorado

From here we went to Colorado for health by a change of climate. Wife, with one other woman and her husband, went some hundreds of miles in a wagon, requiring three weeks. The women were both feeble. I followed on about six months later. I held a few meetings in the Methodist Episcopal church where we stopped at Colorado Springs but I soon found out my standard of religion was rather too high to suit theirs and the preacher modestly let me know it, and I tried it at the Baptist church, but after preaching for the pastor he announced this was communion day and all were invited to commune who had been Scripturally baptized. From their understanding of Scripture that meant immersion and so that ruled me out but I believed him a conscientious, good man. I attended some of the churches for a number of Sabbaths, but I told my wife I was backsliding. My patience was short or brittle and I said, "God called me to preach and this hearing others don't fill my calling." I soon decided and went Saturday night and bought a big piece of white chalk, got up early Sabbath morning, went down the business streets, and chalked the empty dry goods boxes all along the streets, and went to the

churches and chalked the steps saying there will be preaching at a certain corner at 2:30 o'clock to-day. The congregation exceeded my expectation. The opening singing was short and not very uplifting for I had the most of it to do myself. A short prayer standing. The attention was fair. I felt that the Lord was with me and gave liberty, so after the first trial, was encouraged to announce for the next Lord's day. The congregations increased from the beginning to the close, some months. After the first or second service a few rowdy miners down from the mines in the mountains undertook to play smart and interrupt the preacher, coming from a saloon with cigars puffing and revolvers on their hips and belts of cartridges around their bodies and dirks on the outside of their boots coming close while I was preaching and standing before me. I would step a little to one side and go on without pretending to notice them, this they tried to do the second time, but failed to get my attention as they hoped. There was a large man who was the city auctioneer who had formerly been a Christian preacher master of a number of languages who came to our defense and would sit on the dry goods box where I stood and adjust the box for me. He became my body guard and those who knew him knew Alenbaugh was worth a number of police to keep order. He would say to me, "don't pitch your voice too high on the start." "We had no trouble after this to have order. He would come around to me on Monday

and say, "If I don't reform I am a lost man." His trouble was the drink habit. These meetings grew in interest until our last meeting when we closed occupied the most of a block. A returned doctor from India asked the privilege of speaking at the close of the sermon. His talk was on the contrast between our Christian land and heathen India. It was telling. A couple of Quaker ladies whose husbands were government agents looking up mineral in the mountains, asked the privilege of distributing religious tracts through the crowd during service. They came with one or more baskets full a number of times and passed them out. Our congregations outnumbered the churches and I was sure God owned them by His presence and help.

A Free Methodist brother attended our meetings and invited me to come with him. He wished to show me a house of his that was unfinished and said if I would furnish seating, stove and lights, he would add ten feet to the building and I should have it as a church. We accepted the offer, organized a Sabbath school and a small church of ten or twelve members and preached morning and night. A few were converted and one convert, a large woman, wished to be baptized by immersion. We hunted up and down the only creek or stream within many miles to find water of sufficient depth. The best we could do was to wade in a few feet of water some two or more rods to get to a depth suitable at the foot of what had been some kind of a

mill some years before. I had them sing a verse or two while I led her through the water to its proper depth and on returning, about half way, she was struck by the Holy Ghost and shouted, raising her arms, she proved to be stronger than I and broke away and went down on all fours and came near pulling me down as well but I got up first and helped her up. Her husband started from the shore to help us out but I was very glad the Spirit recognized the ceremony notwithstanding the performance, for I was sure it would advertise our night meeting and somebody get saved that might not come minus the performance. But after this experience I became satisfied that the dear Lord would accept some other mode where water was as scare as in much of Colorado.

We had urgent letters from our young conference to return to Kansas and the time came when I was sure I should return and I gave letters to our small church and bade Colorado good-by. We found the change beneficial and the mineral springs two miles upon the foothills at Manitou were a luxury and a stomach regulator superior to all I ever tried; there were three, magnesia, iron and sulphur; lifting a tumbler from the the magnesia it would effervesce and throw the spray over your face.

CHAPTER VII

Back To Kansas

On returning to Kansas we were anxious to get into Topeka with a full salvation gospel, for we knew of no such gospel anywhere in the city. We heard finally of two Methodist Episcopal sisters who met at one of their houses once a week and named it a holiness prayer meeting. I went six miles several times to attend it. The two sisters were the majority of the meeting, often if not all. They asked me if I could not come next week and stay over and preach in the first Methodist Episcopal church where was their membership? I told them I could and they said they would have the appointment announced. I came but they told me there was something in the way that would prevent, but to come next week so I did and they were embarrassed over the disappointment again, but they were sure there would be nothing this time, but as I had been thinking all the time they found out the preacher did not want a holiness preacher in his pulpit (I had some knowledge of the preacher for he and I had attended the Biblical Theological school at Evanston near Chicago at the same time. He was a bright, witty fellow, but his religion was of the head mostly.) They then inquired if they could get a vacant Baptist

church if I would preach there. I said yes and on a street corner if they would announce the appointment. I came and the meeting had been announced, found a small congregation. At the close I inquired how many would be glad to have a metting to-morrow night. The vote seemed unanimous. A third more were present the second night. I inquired how many would think it well to continue until Sunday night. All seemed to be agreed. Sunday night the house was full and much interest apparent by some seekers at the altar. I spent the days visiting in the locality of the church. I generally got admittance when I told them who I was and my business and of the meetings at the church, but a few times they chose I should stay out. I plainly saw by the slam of the door. Before the week closed we found it best to hold an afternoon meeting as we could give more time for altar seekers. On the third Sunday night coming from my country appointment six miles out, I found church aisles and standing room taken and more. When reaching the pulpit I found two of the Baptist trustees in the pulpit waiting my coming to tell me they now wished the church. They had told the sisters who had engaged the church they were not using the church and we could have and use it as long as we wished. I told them it would imperil the meeting to change hands, but they thought not for they would run it as we had, and there were some who thought it could be better managed.

I said, "Brethren, I wish you would farther consider and pray over it until Monday night." So they did but Monday night they were more sanguine and at the close they announced their meeting and we stepped down and out, but I told all as far as I could to continue and do all they could the same as they had been doing and I came until the third night and felt sure God did not want me to longer endorse their selfish churchanity, but they did for the first recognize me by asking me as I sat in the back of the church to pronounce the benediction. A number had been converted and the altar was well filled for a number of nights. up to our close. They got their organ and choir and preacher from their largest church and held on for nearly two weeks but closed for want of a congregation, without the sign of a soul being saved.

They made a great mistake when they undertook to run God's meeting. It takes more than organs, choir and a smart preacher to bring the Holy Ghost down to convict and convert sinners. Caughy says it is "knee work, knee work" and lips touched with a live coal from off the altar as well.

When their failure closed we commenced a traveling prayer meeting from house to house and sinners were saved from night to night until it became necessary to have more room and we hired a hall, organized a church with from twenty or I think thirty members. Quite a number of elderly people joined us afterwards. One old

man of about seventy did the most of our shouting; he had no gift to speak or pray but he got too full to hold his measure and the cover would fly off and we all liked to hear him for we knew it was genuine. Another man nearly sixty who had once been a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal church but when I found him one Lord's day working in his carpenter shop, for he now was a Spiritualist, I told him to come over to our church and he would find old time Methodism such as he knew when a boy. He came next Sunday and repeated his coming and returned to his first love and was our chorister for more than a year and died one night on the camp ground the last night of the meeting. He came on the ground not feeling the best religiously but that Lord's day morning at the love feast he confessed his low state when he came first on the ground but said, "I am ready to live or die, yes for Heaven." At night he led the Doxology that closed the meeting and as I had just laid down the word came to me, "Father Williams is dying." I sprang up and ran to his tent. He had fallen and was lying on his back. I put my hands under his head, raising it, he breathed once. We were glad of his morning testimony saying, "I am ready for Heaven."

Among many incidents I will add one more. While we were holding our cottage prayer meetings before going into the hall we were having a very spiritual meeting and a married lady rose and rapidly ran out of the house. I judged the

cause, it was to yield or run. A sister had been converted and her sister's boy, a young lad of six or eight years and the lad had come with his aunt and followed her out. They had gone a half block and she fell on her knees and told the boy to pray for her and she told us of their street prayer meeting and that there was one converted and she knew the convert. She became one of our most active and spiritual members. She and her sister were beautiful singers and they often sang "The great physician" and then the chorus:

"Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

When I get to Heaven where they both have gone I am quite sure I shall ask them to sing it again.

Soon after our organization there sprang up a trial in the church and a civil, or home war is of all the worst. We had taken in a man and his wife coming from the Congregational church and we thought we had taken a prize. He was a merchant and well to do financially and paid more than half what all our young church paid. He was made treasurer, class leader, steward and local preacher and soon dictated to the church what it ought and ought not to do. He thought it wrong to use an organ and I had hired one at my own expense for I told our people we were commanded to make a "joyful noise unto the Lord" and we were making an awful noise and

failing often to get the right key, we either went upstairs or down cellar and I thought it important for church service and Sunday School. He complained of our organist which one of our members paid fifty cents per week to play on Sunday. He objected to a sewing society that met once in two weeks, meeting in the afternoon and gave in the evening a piece of cake and coffee for a dime and was closed with song and prayer. This was to raise money to build a church. Complained of our taking in a man who was divorced from one former wife but was married to another. He complained of other things but I thought the man was honest or tried hard to think so until it was made plain he was a "wolf in sheep's clothing. He was also superintendent of the Sunday School and I found later he wanted to be the pastor of the church. The members got restless and tired over his course and thought they would take their letters and leave. The annual conference had its session with us this year and I was conscious it would not do for me to leave our baby church and let a stranger preacher come who did not know the condition of these things. Knowing this I made concessions to our demanding troubler, even to turn the organ out and drop the name of the divorced man who paid the organist. I well knew all the society wished my continuance. I agreed to all this that he might be reconciled though I believed none of these things were wrong. Our conference had its session and was well enter-

tained, our people being poor had little room in their homes, so I went to a number of hotels and they readily entertained two or more, even the Teft House where their price was one dollar a meal, all free. I was returned and the first prayer meeting night after, I went quite early to our hall and found our divorced man whose name I was to drop, had made a fire in the stove and lighted the lights and with hymn book looking up hymns for the service. He knew nothing that I had promised to do but I did and all to reconcile a troublesome member. The meeting opened before our troubler and his wife came in. I saw him turn and give a significant look at the divorced man who had an office and was a jeweler. They both vocalized a prayer, but the contrast was very apparent. The jeweler's was simple, warm and sweet, the other barren and cold. I went home to pray and not to sleep. I felt sure I had promised too much in order to reconcile a jealous, self-righteous troubler. My family were all asleep upstairs and I went into our front room to talk with the Lord and get counsel. The Scripture that was given me was this, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him." Then how am I to get it? I asked God to give it to me in a dream. That has been God's way in the past, why not yet? I then told the dear Lord to make it plain, give it in Bible terms or figures and what you tell me to do I will do it if it condemns

me or if it takes my head off.. I well remember what I said for I was in deep trouble. I then got off my knees and laid down on the lounge where kneeling. I must have fallen asleep at once for within thirty minutes I think I came to partial consciousness but did not know whether I was in Kansas or Illinois, but this only I knew, I had been dreaming and as the dream opened up to my mind I said, "What a strange dream," and I reviewed it several times saying, "What a strange dream," and before knowing where I was the Spirit voice spoke to me, "Did you not ask for a dream?" I said "yes, and is this the answer?" And again the Scripture, "If a son ask bread of his father would he give him a stone?" Will your heavenly father do less, but how much more? I said, "Lord, it is enough," and arose to walk the room which to me was filled with the glory of God. The dream was illustrated with Bible illustrations as I had asked. I was a shepherd over a flock of sheep. They were near me and I was happy with them and they with me, a few were lying down, others picking grass and leaves from off the hazel brush, a few were moving at the farther side of the main flock with long wool. The leader and largest sheep in the flock left the flock and came running toward me, increasing his speed, one other followed, I could not think he was coming at me until so near and straight he came, I cried out, "Lord, help," and there seemed to be a ten foot pole in my hands and I brought it down between us just in time

to meet his head before he reached me, he then turned and went back as the leader of the flock. Again in a few minutes he came as before and then I thought as before he can't be coming at me, until I saw as before he meant to reach me and I did as before, met him with my pole and he went back; but the third time as before he came again with vengeance, I was sure and repulsed him. The other sheep just followed him both ways coming and returning. (It was his wife who had told me she never opposed him and she had brought a lot of gold jewelry. She said that I had preached of them and she wished to give it to me to dispose of for missions, or as I saw best as her husband had taken a stand against me and they might no more attend the Wesleyan church). He turned and looked back at me to say, "If I could reach you I would not leave any trace of you," but to my great surprise I saw he was a wolf in every respect, gaunt sides, slim, tail, with wolf's head and ears; yes a real "wolf in sheep's clothing." I was never more surprised. I made it my business to see him in the morning and told him the Lord had been showing me I could not keep my promise to him and I wish you would consent to the majority's ruling our church affairs, we would be glad to retain you in the church, but your want of submission will turn you out. He gave me to understand his course was right and he should not change. I then told him if he did not withdraw, which we would prefer he would, we

would have charges preferred at once. At the day of his trial we had supposed he was turned out by a unanimous vote of the society. But we overlooked a clause in our Discipline that a licentiate must be tried by licentiatees and not as a private member, and he sent off and got four preachers from abroad to come and overrule our church ruling on this technicality and replace him in the church and when their trial and decision came it was a terrible shock to the church for they nearly all were present, but when I saw what was coming in the lawyer preacher's plea who said it was Shepardson who should have been turned out instead of the best member in the church. The Lord came to my help and so lifted me above their decision, putting this troublesome thorn back that had given us so much pain that it never touched me to hurt at all, He showed me just what to do, but the poor church was crushed, and some sobbing and crying, but I went among them the happiest man, I guess, in the hall or city, telling them not to jump overboard, the church ship would not sink but would weather the storm all right, saying the case was in our hands and we could dispose of this thorn right soon. I hardly spoke or noticed the committee I was so busy trying to comfort the dear, crying and wounded church. I called a church meeting at once or in a day or two after visiting our new member telling him now if he would be good and manifest the right spirit we would be glad to retain him but unless he changed and would sub-

mit we should be obliged to turn him out and to appear at a call meeting of the church, but we found him defiant. So our meeting was called and he was present, after prayer we arose and stated the reason of the meeting and this is the first question we want to settle, "we gave this man license to preach and we have power to take from him that we have given him if we think he is not worthy such a license, and this is the question we want to settle, 'Would you as a church be willing to have him go out to represent the Wesleyan Methodist church as our preacher or would you be willing to sit under his preaching yourself, knowing him as you do, Is there anyone to say yes?'" There was silence, "Then you who think him unworthy a preacher's license and will vote by standing to take it from him rise." It was unanimous except his wife. Then we said, "he is a private member and all of you who still endorse the former trial and decision against him that would have turned him out if he had been a private member, and will repeat your decision as then, rise to your feet." It was unanimous except him and his wife. "Sing the Doxology and you are dismissed." But this was not the end of this troubler, he preferred charges against me and got his preacher lawyer to bring it before the annual conference that held its session again the next year with us at Topeka. I thought for a time I would give no attention to it and if it "took my head off" or dismissed me from conference and church it might, but before the con-

Spirit I think to get a Brother Kiggins, a member of the conference, to take my case and so I did. My case was brought early before the session and occupied nearly two days before settled, but the case while being tried did not disturb me as to the outcome. After the testimonies of the church (which was the ten foot pole that protected me in my dream) was given and mine on the witness stand closed it soon. I confessed to the charges that were brought against me. I did not do as I had agreed and stated my dream as the reason and that I went and told him I could not comply with my promise to him. He had sense enough to see that his head in place of mine was sure to come off when the decision was rendered and he and his secretary that he had, gathered up their papers and left the room before the decision was rendered.

After our experience in Colorado Springs with street meetings and other open air meetings, I got the consent of the city trustees to open Sabbath afternoon meetings in the city park which had an elevated stand and seating for five hundred on the ground. When asking the privilege the trustees sent two men to get seats and all arranged for us. We held them both years when the weather was not too cold. They were well attended from the start, but increased in numbers and interest. It was right after the slave exodus from the South and Topeka had her share, for Governor St. John made them welcome and got empty freight cars and everything available to

ference session it seemed to come to me from the temporarily shelter them until they could do better and it was said at that time one-third of Topeka were colored. I made all welcome alike to attend and to take part in prayer and testimony meetings, and they often used their privilege and God certainly gave some of them Divine help. I was counseled to shut the colored people out for they would spoil the meetings if we allowed them liberty, for they would at times get the seats all occupied and some of the whites would be obliged to stand up. I told him I certainly should spoil them then for I wanted one place sure in Topeka in the Lord's order carried out and God's religion was as free as the air of Heaven to all. He knew no color line but He saw the heart and if your religion is not more than skin deep, you had better go forward for prayers or to that effect.

The memory of these meetings are still very precious. I found great liberty under God's open and high canopy as I never do under shingles. God's great and glorious religion is in contrast with lodgism as secret societies, for the more light and open air and mountain top the better it flourishes. God has always greatly honored out-door preaching as in the days of Wesley and Whitefield who were ruled out of the formal churches who had ruled out the Holy Ghost and substituted forms in place. The apostles were obliged to resort to the same. St. Paul struck the key of all true Christians when he shouted,

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." The true Christian lives in the light and his life is above reproach and is a constant reproof to those who associate with lodges who do their work in the dark. We can reach classes that we never get inside church walls, the prejudiced Catholic is often thus reached in spite of priestly education and become staunch Christians; also the Jew; then the outlaw riff-raff for whom Christ died to save. We found all classes would halt at a spiritual meeting in place of going by. Men would get convicted in the park and come up to our hall at night meetings and get saved. We hardly got a notice in the churches but the city papers gave us free adds. I took pains to publicly thank the reporters for the Topeka Blade (not the most moral paper) who often reported our park meetings. I saw him sitting back in the crowd, saying to him from the stand that we were obliged to him for his free advertisement of our meetings. Then said to the crowd they would need to come for themselves to see whether the reporter got things hind side before or upside down, the way things were or the opposite. His extravagant and untruthful statements of the meetings I was sure would bring a class to see the elephant. God makes the "wrath of man sometimes praise Him."

At one of our park meetings after preaching as usual we gave a call to any who were seekers or desired salvation to make it manifest by an

uplifted hand and I saw the hand of a man that I had met before at Elevation while stopping at the Whites. He had come from Ohio, had been a merchant, but had wrecked all by drink and to get rid of him his kindred had bought him a through ticket to Topeka, thinking he would never get back to disgrace them. The Whites had found him and taken him in and found him a place in a store as clerk. I went to him and got his number and called there the next day but he had lost his situation and his boarding place and was on the street, but I found him in a bad plight, his nice hat and other garments soiled and a rent on one leg of his pants. He was embarrassed but too drunk to walk straight saying, "O Mr. Shepardson, what shall I do, I am in an awful fix." I said, "if you will do as I tell you you come to my house." "I will, and where is your house?" I told him the street and number. He started at once but staggered as he went. He could neither eat nor sleep. I went to a reformed drinker to know what to do for him. He said, "give him strong coffee." The second or third day we got him to a night prayer meeting. At the opening, weak and trembling he dropped upon his knees and cried out, "O God, is there any help for me?" God heard his cry and took him in. In a month or so he got a first-class position and price in a dry goods store and in a few months returned a Christian gentleman to his dear wife and home to the astonishment of all. His wife wrote to my wife thanking

us for what we had done for her husband. He sent several presents to our children. I wrote him and in a letter to me a year or so after his conversion saying he had never wanted liquor since that night he gave his heart to God at the prayer meeting.

The time came when I saw we must have a house and home of our own. Our people being renters mostly and poor thought it beyond our reach but I saw He had given us children and now these children must have a home and He knows it and will provide. I had paid some two hundred for house rent and had sold some city lots I had at Stirling in Rice county and had just bought a lot in the city on which to build and favorably located for our church and I said to the church, "I will deed that lot free of debt to the church if you will help the best you can." We elected trustees and they accepted it. I got all the volunteer help from the church and outside, we dug the foundation below the frost line and filled it with brick and we had a hand in all from foundation until the last shingle was on the roof and the mortar on the inside wall and the last brush of paint within and without was put on. Hired and paid all else until we moved in from holding the last meeting in front of my hired house where we held our last meetings before taking possession of our new church.

We had two good sized rooms in our hired house and we seemed obliged to leave the old representative hall which we had used and we

moved the seats to our house and held service within when it was unfavorable to be out but when favorable we moved seats out in front under some maples that gave some shade but the Sabbath last under the maples was blustry and the dust off the street would get rude and come to our meeting and we were glad to say good-by and get inside the walls of our new church and I now remember the first text that morning for it did express the sentiment of preacher and all "I was glad when they said let us go up to the house of the Lord." My eyes run over a little when I remember the thankful glad day after the strain of battle, and it is possible some of us said glory. I remember after we were in a man from outside asked one of our brethren that had done but little, "How have you built with so few of you and none rich?" He said he hardly knew, but it went up some way. I could but think there was one fellow that did know. I was the only solicitor to raise funds and the largest contribution from any one was fifteen dollars. An infidel I called on in the country to help, gave us five dollars, saying he could see that these churches did accomplish good for society where located. I purchased all the materials and hired all the carpenters as well and when funds run short I drew on the preachers' funds and when dedicated it was free of debt. There were none of the members who gave to exceed five dollars if memory serves me.

I wrote to our church paper the Wesleyan

Methodist that we had been lifting on the financial burden until we might illustrate our case by what happened at the raising of a long heavy plate to a big barn. It required quite a company of men to raise one of these heavy plates to its height and it was a little risky business, and on this occasion the men under it having it nearly or quite half up with the pike poles under it had exhausted their strength and if it fell back might kill the men under it; there were a number of spectators looking on and the foreman cried, "every man to the rescue," and there was a quick move by the lookers on and come under with their poles and the foreman cries out, "all together, hee-o-hee." Up she went past the critical height and all was safe. Well, this illustrates what I have to say. Some of us have assumed the responsibility of putting up this church plate and it will come back on us to our financial death, unless others will come under with their pike poles with twenty or more or less, and save us from a smash up. Now come on, put under with a real lift and I will repeat "hee-o-hee, all together" and the danger line will be passed. The response to my appeal was quite prompt and there came in from ones to twenties nearly or quite seventy-five dollars and was appreciated and thankfully acknowledged.

I kept no account of the cash I gave nor do I remember what I had paid for the lot. Soon after I think I was providentially favored in buying a lot with a stone house on it for much less

than it would have cost to build the house, by running in debt for part of the payment.

There is now a second church in the city and there has been quite a revival in the first church this year that has added numerical strength and as they stand for holiness she will be spiritually stronger. Trials or battles must first precede victory.

After the second or third year at Topeka and Elevation I was appointed conference evangelist. Two hundred miles west at Grover, Ataway county we had a small society which had declined to a small number but a dear brother, a preacher, living there on a farm was anxious I should move there and take that work. I told him I was appointed evangelist, but he said if I would move up and give them one-third of my time he would see that a parsonage should be built for us. I saw his urgency and thought it duty. We had a cold winter for we moved into an unplastered or unsealed house.

After attending two other meetings in the conference we opened up for a protracted meeting. I think we continued a meeting some three or four weeks at a school house where the Universalists had a Sabbath School and preaching every other Sabbath with but little apparent success. Two or three girls sought but only pipped the shell, but did not really get out to break the shell so as to get the use of wings and died in the shell as many do. The Universalists and Spiritualists tried to disturb our meetings. We

moved a mile and a half to the schoolhouse near our parsonage, preaching nights and visiting families days, but our congregations were small and after two or three weeks I made a short talk to a few and closed by saying, "I am not here to get a house to live in for I have one better in Topeka; I am not here for a living, for if I haven't brains and ability to make a better living than we do preaching I certainly have no business to be in the ministry, and if the people have no interest to care for their own souls I will go home take care of my family and feather my own nest," and picked up hat and overcoat and started for the door, but halting at the door I said, "we will have the benediction." The preacher and the people did not know how to understand me but I scarce knew better than they, only I thought I would demonstrate how I felt. I was not consenting to surrender but change the order of the battle and if the people will not come to me I will go to them. So we appointed cottage prayer meetings and went from house to house wherever they would open their doors for us. I remember asking the privilege of holding a meeting at the house of a well to do Englishman. He said we could hold one in his straw stable if we wished, but before our general meeting closed he changed his mind because God changed his wicked heart and we held, I think, the largest meeting in his house of any.

At one of our cottage meetings after a week or more a married woman who had been the mis-

tress of a hotel rose soon after the opening saying, "I want you to pray for me, Brother Shepardson has been after me." I had been at her house more than once to interest her about her soul. I had asked her if she had ever had a real Christian experience, and she said she had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church seven years, but she was not sure that she had the change of heart. I told her if she did not know I did, for God would make so important a matter plain when He did it. She dropped on her knees and prayed for herself and soon she was on her feet to say, "Now I know He saves me." This was the opening door to a most glorious revival, if I remember, numbering sixty that was in the neighborhood while it was not confined, for people came from a distance and one night after we had returned to the school house a team from a distance with a wagon load came in good time but they saw no place for them within reach of hearing and never unloaded and returned. I remember a talk I had with one young man who with others was husking corn in the field, throwing their corn in the wagon and I joined them while I talked, but he said there was no use for him to get religion for he could not keep it, for his older brother who was a school teacher and most of the young people got religion some two years ago but there was none of them that had it now, and if they could not keep it he could not. I said it was not the fault of God's religion. They might not have gotten

His kind, or if they did they failed to take care of it. After this he came and the second night at the altar he rose with beads of sweat on his large forehead, saying, "I will get it if it kills me." I said, "You will get it now." He had been a leader among the young people. He was soon licensed to preach, attended a theological school ■ time, entered the ministry in the Kansas conference and has been a successful evangelist and preacher. I performed the marriage ceremony that united him to a lady who was converted in one of our meetings but was at the time of her conversion a good Episcopalian with her membership in Topeka. She became a Wesleyan preacher and stands high as an evangelist in the Kansas conference. Soon after his conversion he asked me if I knew anything about secret societies, saying his uncle and older brother had joined or sent in their names to the Masonic lodge at Minneapolis and if it was a good thing he wanted to join. I told him I did, saying it was no place for a Christian. "If you know, it seems to me you ought to tell the people for many are joining," He introduced the subject again. "Perhaps it is my duty and I will make an appointment and lecture on it."

The night for the lecture came and going into the stand I noticed that the men the nearest the pulpit were members of the Masonic lodges. There were some from abroad that sat with those I did know and I judged they were of the same craft and their object was to daunt me or scare

me out. I said, "Let us pray," and when first rising to speak I said I was never in so good a fix for my lecture as now, "I see my Masonic brethren all around me and I shall expect them to correct me if I misrepresent and make any mistakes in my lecture, and if they keep silent it is because I tell the truth." I felt lifted up and sure I was master of the situation. I took all the nice religious clothes off and showed just what it was with its clothes off. They never spoke but grinned and bore it and when I was through people that were there would know whether it was Christ or Belial. I started with my daughter, some seventeen years old to go some eighty rods to the parsonage and she gave me a pull saying, "Father, what is the matter of you?" I was so otherwise absorbed I hardly noticed her, and quite soon she was emphatically saying, "Father what is the matter of you?" And she broke the spell to secure my attention and I replied, "I think the Lord is letting me know He was pleased with my lecture." But a few times in life was I ever so manifestly blessed as at the close of that lecture and it abode with me through the night. He has assured me at different times what was my duty as to this great growing sin in exposing and warning the ignorant and reproving those connected with it. I have made bitter enemies by it and friends who wanted to renounce and come out, and received thanks from those I have helped to come out. Others

have told me they wanted to come out but feared to.

The most out and out troublers we found at this place were the Universalists and Spiritualists. They worked well in the same yoke. The Spiritualists did us the compliment to send us a valentine with a few words, but the picture was a preacher with a long swallow tailed coat with a pitchfork pitching sinners into hell fire, and if they had opportunity to speak in an open meeting would antagonize the Bible and had to be called down. The Universalists had a Sabbath School and preaching every other Sabbath at this first place of meeting and I preached the alternate Sabbath and he would find what I had used as a text and use the same when he preached, this he did a number of times, some of our good brethren thought I had better challenge him for a debate, but I said to do that would be like going into the mud to fight a hog and to get down low enough to meet him on his plane would be to get into the mud myself, but the time came when I thought it duty to warn the people of their doctrine and I got the history of Universalism as published by the American Tract society that gave their doctrine and rise, and the character of the first preachers and many, showing they were immoral and many had been expelled from orthodox churches because of immorality. Then I announced to preach in two weeks from the Devil's text, or lie, as it would be Universalism with its jacket off. There came a crowd and

when I made it rather warm for them the superintendent and something of a preacher among them would get up to talk and had to be called down telling him this was not his appointed meeting but mine and the subject was to take the jacket off from Universalism.

The next Sabbath the preacher said his subject would be "Shepardson with his Suspenders off." Both of our texts were published in the Minneapolis county paper and I saw the editor and told him I would give the sermon that caused the Universalist to give his text, if he would publish it. He said he would so Universalism got an airing as wide as his paper extended and he had not sufficient papers to supply the call for them. I have in my scrap book now a copy. At the close of my discourse I said there was but about one important truth of the Bible they emphasized and that there was a Heaven, but if all the riff-raff go there I would rather be left out, and if this community wants to license every sin with no penalty attached they had better start a subscription and build a church and pay a Universalist preacher to do the preaching.

They and the Spiritualists would copy us by holding a camp meeting and the preacher followed us up to our schoolhouse with an appointment near our parsonage. One morning wife and I were preparing to go some thirty miles into the next county to be gone on an evangelist tour for a few Sabbaths and at the family altar she prayed God to care for our charge and let no

wolf come or enter to devour and to paralyze any tongue that might come to do the same Devil's work and it seemed to be uttered in the Spirit. We had to pass his fine white house and liberal farm improvements on our way but I said to wife, "I would not be willing to stand in that preachers place for all his possessions." We drove on but a cold snow storm and wind drove us into a dugout without floor except the ground and for fuel nothing but cornstalks for making a fire, but we thanked God for so good quarters from the storm and started early for our Sabbath morning meeting five miles away. During the week we saw a Minneapolis paper and in it the notice of the Universalist's stroke of paralysis that would unfit him for ever preaching again. It came a few days before he was to fill his appointment at our schoolhouse. God inspires and answers prayer. Their only church at Adelphus or in any place I knew in Kansas was swept by a cyclone and only the sills of the church left. I think they have no visible church now in those parts.

While in the high tide of this meeting, I lost my balance not to my credit I relate it, but it possibly may help some of my weak brothers. I had a black silk stylish hat that I had not seen for perhaps years and in some way I looked it up and wore it one night to the meeting and I had lots of trouble to find a place to set it where it would not get ruffled or mashed in the crowd and it came to me, "Why have you brought this hat here anyway?" I took the hint, it must be

"vain show." Well, I took it home and put it in the hatbox and it never went to church again, but I gave it to a doctor it better became. Human nature is a weak thing and will always need careful watching. God would do more for weak humanity if we would stand it without getting puffed up. This "I" gets in the way. He says, "my glory I will not give unto another." The big head is a fatal disease and many preachers die of it. Moses lost his balance once when he said to the rebels "must we bring water out of this rock?" Many others have been shut out of the promised land because "I" gets in His place. Our place is low at His feet and let Him do the exalting.

CHAPTER VIII

Fort Scott

We entertained the annual conference here and remained another year. The farthest work we had to visit as evangelist was Fort Scott near the Missouri state line, three hundred miles distant. I had not been invited by the pastor there to come but I felt it my duty to go and it would be in an open buggy in the month of July, and probably my collection would be less than five dollars (and so it was). The morning came I was to start and wife and children came with me to the gate. I kissed them a hasty good-by and turned my face so they might not see some tear drops that would run over, mounted my buggy and was off. I think I had not gone fifty rods and the tears were not quite all gone, when the question that the elder in Revelations asked John came forcibly to my mind, "What are these arrayed in white robes and from whence came they?" I felt in a sense applied to me though so unworthy and I had time before I reached Fort Scott to give the text some thought and get the answer that the revelator John could not give, saying, "thou knowest." The elder then answered, "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the

Lamb." I think John was dumbfounded and dared not venture an answer. I think he had never seen ■ sight so glorious. But the elder's description that it was by the blood of the Lamb, and through tribulation that had so exalted and beautified them, it dawned upon him, "they must have come from the same land I came from," and then, if that is the outcome of tribulation I will sing:

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all."

When the hour for preaching came I had my subject and have used it many times since with liberty and profit.

I. It gives credit to the Blood, the full atonement.

II. Tribulation does what the blood does not do, it means larger growth, it means shaping, polishing and suffering which by contrast makes heaven exceedingly more to us. So God "has chosen the furnace for the perfecting the highest order of saints." St. Paul brings it out, "These light afflictions which are but for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Well, the subject much more than compensated for the six hundred miles under a burning sun, separation from family, four and a half dollar col-

lection and all on this side the river if there was no reward day to come.

While there I received a pressing call to return after conference and be their pastor which I did. The church had greatly declined since the pastor had reported a hundred members some two years before. The Sabbath school was but a very few and I saw the necessity to improve the singing in the school as well as at the public service and put in the organ we had bought and used in Topeka and also at Grover but our lawyer preacher, the former pastor, who lived there objected to the use of an organ in church and as he was now evangelist he circulated a prohibition paper all over the conference prohibiting its use in the Kansas conference. In its use the school and congregations increased. We built a comfortable parsonage, there was a stone church. We were made thankful to see a better interest and increase and should have remained there another year by the wish of the church as well as my judgment also agreed, but the former pastor wished to return and to accomplish it brought the organ question up and two leading men, one a minister who was an able man stood with him and neither of the three could sing "Old Hundred" or the Doxology to save their lives. But to carry his point did what would be called in court, false swearing. My wife and I with others knew it to be false and after he sat down she said audibly she was glad there was but one lawyer in our conference. After delaying the

conference a day or more to get his witness to come and when the witness was on the floor said, "I am going to prove by this witness that he saw a non-member of the church put a ballot in the hat when the delegates were being elected that wished me returned," but the witness faltered and failed to swear false as the lawyer thought he would. Then he said, "my memory is not as perfect as once but now I remember seeing her put the vote in." When the organ question came to a vote they passed a law that a very small minority in any church should object to its use it could not be used. I said, "Brethren, that is Republicanism with a vengeance when one vote will decide against one hundred."

I could have returned and other church delegates wished me to accept their work but I was heartsick over such ruling as I thought would prevent our building societies among the more intelligent. I tried evangelizing among the other church bodies but soon found they would not admit the full gospel that saves from sinning and especially from all sin by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I learned that too many of the members and some of the ministry had never been born of the Spirit. I held a short series of meetings at Olathe where ex-governor St. John was a member but they wanted a cheaper kind than I had to offer. The pastor was a holy man and left and joined the Wesleyans soon after I was there.

Brother Stratton, former editor of the Wesleyan

Methodist, but then president of a theological school at Wheaton, Illinois, wrote me to come to their conference for they had vacant churches and they used organs. I went in advance of my family and held two protracted services with but little apparent success. Accepted a call at the Marengo church, one of the best church buildings in the conference, had good congregations and a few holiness members. I discovered as I thought the reason for their having vacant churches and had numerically declined. The preachers were not a unit on the doctrine of holiness. A few I found that made light or opposed it, and I have learned that a church that stands out on reforms as this church does cannot make head against the opposition minus the enduement from on High that accompanies this experience.

A holy anointed ministry will get God power down that will make them supernatural and they will get up a rumpus with dead formalism and the Devil and have a shout over a revival.

We held a protracted meeting here with but little success numerically. While preaching one night during this meeting a messenger was sent by a convicted backslider who had been out of the way for years who was at his home in great distress to have the preacher come and pray for him. I said to my informant, "When our services close I will come." Wife and I went from the church and found him so convicted he was ready to comply with God's terms and his sorrow was turned into joy. His trouble was drink, which

had downed him, otherwise a fine man. His wife belonged to our church there. He knew his weakness for he had fallen, I think twice after reforming before. He came to our meetings and went to all or quite all the churches in the city and would give a rousing testimony of what the Lord had done for him and would repeat, "I want God to take me before I ever fall again." A month or two after being saved he was not feeling well having pain in his head and in place of going to the foundry, his place of business, he went to a dentist, a cousin of his, and said, "Morel, I wish you would look at my teeth, this pain in my head may come from a tooth," and seated himself in the chair and as he threw back his head he dropped dead without a struggle. So his prayer was answered.

The annual conference was held on my charge this year making the fifth I had entertained. I was appointed conference evangelist by the conference. I filled one appointment. My wife was quite feeble and her physician said she would not live a year if she did not change climate and the railroads were on a fight and fare reduced to one dollar a passage to Kansas City by paying full fare, fifteen dollars, and receiving fourteen back at Kansas City which meant eighty-four dollars saved to us, and we made a quick pack and so doing got our rebate.

A few days after getting into our own Topeka home we had a call from our dear Brother Moore from Auburn, asking us to attend a communion

service at their church, saying it was the last service of their pastor who was called to another charge. Accordingly I was there on Saturday to their business meeting as they had invited me to attend it and in the course of the meeting Brother Moore spoke of their pastor's resignation and that their pulpit would be vacant and having known Brother Shepardson, I wish to move to this official body that we call him to accept the pastorate of our church. I rose to my feet and said, "Dear Brethren, I am a Methodist." He replied that they knew that but they had decided if I would put up with their Presbyterianism they would put up with my Methodism, and called for the vote. It appeared unanimous. It took me by surprise but as I had resigned in Illinois and had no engagement as yet I accepted. We had a good parsonage, furnished, and a salary of seven hundred dollars, of this I was ignorant when I accepted the charge. We had a prosperous year as was thought, though the elder did feel it his duty once or more to tell me what was the Presbyterian doctrine when I had badly interfered or misrepresented their belief. The elder insisted that I attend their yearly synod where the elders and preachers meet within a certain district. They thought I could join it. I protested but went with them to Oskaloosa. And they got me before the committee to see whether I could endorse their doctrines, but I balked when the once converted or born meant always or to the end. They illustrated their belief by

quoting some Scripture but I told them I was a Methodist in doctrine and laid stress on the significance of that text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" and souls fall, The first thing they put me in the hands of a committee and lent me some of their doctrinal books but I still continued a Methodist. I found some grand men that I ever remember with respect.

I thought it best to resign at the close of the year but I shall expect to find and hail with delight Brother Moore and Brother Yager, the elders of Auburn church, on the other shore.

CHAPTER IX

To California

We moved to our home in Topeka. The railroads were giving cut rates to California, and as I was free I thought it my time to try the climate change that an intelligent preacher who had lived there said would add ten years to my life. I went at once to the general agent's office which was in the city and said, "Mr. White, I want to go to California and would be very thankful if I could be favored by the cheap rates, but will not be able to go under a month and could you give an extension ticket covering that time?" He inquired, "How many wish to go?" I told him myself and daughter. He had favored me at other times when asking for some one needy and for preachers and their wives and after granting the favor would say, "When we can help you or favor you let us know, and he made out the two tickets for five dollars apiece, saying we, with our Santa Fe trains have to pay five dollars for each passenger that we carry over another road. Before we used our tickets the fare was forty dollars a ticket or nearly.

After being in the state one or two months I wrote wife and children to sell if at a slaughter (and they did) and come. The second day after reaching San Diego I learned of a Methodist

camp meeting to be held twelve miles out and said, "that will be a good place to make acquaintance with the best people for it is the earnest sincere kind that attend." We packed in satchels our lunch and were off. I preached once or more times and inquired of the presiding elder if he knew of any vacant towns or places without the gospel. Encinitas, a Spiritualist town and Oceanside beyond, both on the Santa Fe railroad. I arranged and went to both villages and left appointments. Encinitas had a schoolhouse but had never allowed a preacher to preach there, but they let me in. Oceanside was some twelve miles beyond and forty miles from San Diego. We got a liberal hearing at Oceanside. We continued our meetings one in the morning and the other in the afternoon of the same day. We invited Rev. Colburn, the elder, to organize at Oceanside which he did.

We had a close time at Encinitas. We visited and talked salvation whether "they would hear or forbear" and some were helped and after I ceased a Congregational man came and they built a small church. Encinitas was on the Ocean bank where we could hear the tide day or night. The people had a bathing party which met on the beach and especially on Sabbath had a good (or bad) turnout and they seemed to take pains to have their bath at the same hour of our meeting and when we changed the hour to avoid their hour they changed to the same. While we were preaching one forenoon they were having

their bath and two young men got drawn under the wave and never got out alive and when their bodies were brought to shore they were retained two days before burial. This, at least stopped their change of time to interfere with our meetings and I think broke up the company bathing.

After holding a few meetings in and out of San Diego, we bought a new hundred dollar tent and opened mission meeting in the city. We changed our tent once more to reach localities farthest from churches. It was a new thing but the Lord favored and we had good attendance. Conversions, reclamations, sanctifications and healing. The church people from the different churches came, especially from the First Methodist Episcopal church, and the pastor told his people they need not go to the tent meeting to hear the doctrine of holiness, it was the Methodist doctrine and he would preach on the doctrine next Sabbath morning. I took pains to hear him. At the close of the meeting their class leader, a prominent man, came to me before leaving the church saying, "Brother Shepardson, how did you like the sermon?" I said, "He gave us the skeleton without any meat on the bones, or life in it, he did not tell how to get it nor urge its importance and he said we could get to Heaven without it, and I was wondering how many thousand sermons like his it would take to get one soul sanctified," or to that effect. Some years later I found the class leader in the Free Methodist church there. I judged he did not find

the blessing at his old home so went abroad to find it. The Free Methodists came in some ten years later.

Brother Newton came down from his Adelpho Hall mission in San Francisco and we turned our meeting over to his charge for a month. There were two marked cases of Divine healing I will mention. A young lady came from Ohio to an aunt's who attended our mission, to keep the doctors from amputating one limb which they said must be done to save life. It was badly swollen and discolored, growing worse and she had to keep it bandaged in a chair for over a year. Her aunt asked her if she would be willing for the mission prayers to come down and pray for her healing. With some reluctance she consented. She was not a Christian, but when one of our workers asked her if she would be one if God would heal her she replied yes. She was lying on the bed and we knelt and Sister Burlingame laid her hand on her and prayed and at the close of her prayer said, "you are healed, I have the witness," the lady answered, "I am," and sat in a chair without raising her limbs which she had not done for perhaps six months or a year and in less than twenty-four hours she had a slipper on and began to walk. In a few days she with her aunt came a half mile or more to the tent and came regularly for I remember she paid fifty cents per week regularly to the mission.

Some two or three years after her healing she, with one or more ladies, called on me while in

charge of the Adelpho Hall mission in San Francisco. She introduced herself to me to be the one healed at our San Diego mission, saying, "We take vessel to-morrow for India as missionaries." It rejoiced my heart that she had kept her vow and God had use for her in heathen lands.

There was coming to our tent a young couple who were there from Ohio for their health and I think had been helped in the meeting. At the close of a night meeting the lady came into the tent after I had risen to pronounce the benediction and said as she entered the door, "I left my husband very sick and have come to ask prayers for him." I said, "let us now pray," and dropped on my knees presenting his case to God. We had just opened the meeting the next night and she and her husband came in. I remember they had the "didn't keep still blessing." She reported I think, before the close of the meeting that inflammation of the bowels was his trouble and they had become hard like the surface of a board. She had left the room an hour or so before coming to the meeting and he called to her to come and said, "bring my clothes I am going to the meeting, the Lord has healed me." She thought he had gone crazy but he repeated and said, "See here," and pounded on his relaxed bowels which had been so hard and inflamed. We all felt like singing the Doxology.

This doctrine of divine healing is not understood by all and I include myself as well, but I

have studied it prayerfully and carefully. All who come to Christ were healed and many were healed by the Apostles through His name but it is a fact that some of God's most worthy saints don't get healing and it is evident He has something better than healing for them. Did you say better? Yes. His plan for some is a higher plan than just for this life of service and He, the architect, is working or planning for a building that will recommend the architect and builder and he has to keep the job under the hammer, saw, chisel and plane for years to get the finish. Some of his most devoted saints keep their beds for forty and more years. They are getting the shaping, developing, polishing, that will honor the builder and finisher and shine with greatest luster near the throne. John saw some that were so glorious that were from earth that he had no idea "who they were or from whence they came." Tribulation had put on them a finish that nothing else could. Those whom God especially would exalt He puts or lets disease, or the Devil, put them through the "furnace seven times hotter." He is the potter and when He can find the right clay that will stand the process of shaping, furnace hardening, decorating and polishing that will adorn the palace of the king, He completes the plan.

There are those who will wear white robes in Heaven that will not vie with those who stand near the throne. A finished job will cost more than some are consenting to pay and they get

God's second or third best. St. Paul learned that his infirmity was better for him than healing. God was obliged to put a weight on him to hold him level. God suffered him to be killed and dragged out of the city like a dead animal, but if he had not had that experience he would have been short of his third heaven experience.

I contracted an abscess on my left lung by loud preaching and was compelled to sit down while facing a large congregation in the midst of my sermon. It gave me much suffering and deprived me the use of my voice for five years. My good doctor told me I must die when the abscess broke but he and friends that had come to see me die, as well as myself were disappointed. I can't say as to the angels who made me three short calls who went back without me, but the honored visit they made me has more than paid me for all the five years of suffering. So there may be something come to us worse than sickness. If He does send sickness it is His choice for us sometimes and when we fail to get healing as St. Paul did I think it well to ask Him the reason or the object of our sickness and learn the lesson He would teach.

I have been shut away from the outside world into a corner by dislocated hip and catarrh and to cross the room must mount crutches. I have been prayed for and anointed by holy men but I now think this is the best and safest route to Heaven for me. I am still in my circumscribed sphere but thank Him for the private lessons He

The Methodist Episcopal church organized a society out of our mission work and the elder put a preacher in charge but his stay was short and has given me that has proved the best of all life's experience.

This book would never have been written for the outside world had I not been compelled by my shut-in life. I came to feel that God's lesson to me was to give my experience to many others.

I think of Bunyan's prison life who was God's street preacher but the Devil never did a better job than to get him shut up in Bedford jail. God gave him some dreams for the world, they would never have got but from inside prison walls.

Madam Guyon's little hymn she wrote in her eleven years life in prison, if she had done no more, is worth more to the Christian world than gold can buy.

"A little bird I am,

Shut out from fields or air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there,
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because my God it pleaseth Thee.

Naught else have I to do,
I sing the whole day long,
And He whom I most love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing."

he placed another but he did not suit, and after the third call by the church and elder I accepted the call and they gave me fifty dollars per month and furnished us a new house free, for parsonage. I have never set a price on what I should receive for preaching this great and free salvation but have gone wherever the call without asking the question of salary. The great question to settle is, "Am I in God's order?" The only mistake that I look back to since God called me was when I gave a little thought and time in buying and selling real estate. I did make well, but lost in the end more than I made, though I kept up my preaching appointment. But one called of God to preach his gospel can't afford to divide his thought or time to secular interests. I feel it would have been better to have spent that lost time on my knees. Had I my life to live over again I should put into it more "knee work, knee work."

After serving this charge I was urged by letter several times by Rev. George Newton to come to San Francisco and take charge of the old Adelpho Hall mission which had been the most noted mission in the city and had published a monthly holiness paper. Brother Newton had planned to go with tent and co-workers North. I finally thought it a better opportunity to reach the masses and save men and told the presiding elder to get another man in my place. He said, "hold on for a month before leaving." When reaching the mission I found it had declined. I

wrote him unless I had entire control I would not remain. He gave it to me in writing and I turned off the incumbents and thank God the grade turned favorable. I had a real tussle with two men who wanted the mission and one of them said they would have it and pushed his fist near my face but they had not fully secured the rent of the owner of the mission but met me at his office to close the contract. I told the proprietor I had come and I thought his rent would be as sure to let it remain as it was. The rent to the owner was seventy-five dollars per month besides the other expenses to run it. I have never seen a place so favored to reach men as there, nor have I ever since, situated on California and next door to Kerney Street where a number of car tracks ended, we were able by bringing our hall organ down to the street and with songs gather a large crowd in a few minutes, then with a talk and a number of testimonies, invite to follow us up to the preaching auditorium. I think I may say it was the exception not to have an altar service with seekers every night.

I might give many incidents of interest that I recall while there but the reform of two drunken men I will notice. One man with delirium who told us after being saved that every string on the street would be a serpent. He came to the altar in his debauched condition, calling on God for help and finally got it and was restored to his work, an expert bricklayer and came regularly to the mission and gave regularly for its support.

His testimony gave evidence that our God is mighty and does save all who will apply to Him. One other case was a foreigner whom we took in and cared for a number of days, he seemed to be in a stupor, nearer dead than alive, but finally recovered and to our surprise became a saved intelligent man and went back to his seafaring life, and wrote us from across the big waters of what God had done and was still doing.

On the Beula Park camp grounds a year since I found a number who attended our Adelpho mission and Mother Jessens, nearly or quite ninety, who never failed to give a rousing testimony or exhortation on the street, filled with the Spirit. I asked her if she remembered putting a large comforter around my neck one night to save me from the cold wind? She scarce remembered, but when she got onto her feet to talk I saw her religion made her young and none of us who heard her thought the time she occupied could be better improved. I soon expect to meet others from that mission who have reached the city of gold whose streets are paved with that which the world worships here. Hallelujah!

My health failed from the exposure in the street and hall work, with no let up day or night and I returned to San Diego for a month's rest and electric treatment. Though much improved, went down again and turned it over to the Salvation army who made a training school for the young women workers, also a night mission.

I arranged to go from there to Portland, Ore-

gon, with H. F. Hodges, one of the mission workers, shipped all my theological books and was to take the steamer next day. About midnight I was awakened by the sound of the tick-i-te-tick that one will hear when on a train by the car wheels passing from rail to rail. It was right under my pillow. I finally said to myself, "this is not riding on an ocean steamer but on a train," and then I seemed to see I was going south and passing by some trees and a few cattle feeding by the side of the track. I awoke my partner with whom I was sleeping and asked him if he would go to Portland if I should not do so for I was going by rail to San Diego in the morning. He went by boat north and I south to San Diego. My books went to Portland and I have never seen them since. I encountered at San Diego a great trial, possibly a thing I wished to avoid by my planning to go to Portland, but God wonderfully overruled for my good though I may not feel at liberty to explain it.

I did some mission work about the city and heard of the yearly camp meeting of the holiness people near Los Angeles and went up, preached twice or more and had a call to return and take the pastorate of two of their churches which I accepted. Had marked prosperity at the Downey church but when we were holding extra night meetings was publicly reprovved by one or their ruling elders for teaching that there were measures of the Spirit, that it might be possible to have a vessel all clean but not so full as to run

over. They teach if cleansed is to be full all the time I had said to the church, "keep your vessels the right side up until the vessel runs over. It will show it by new prayer and fresh testimonies and the run over will reach the outside and produce a revival. When we get full we will forget to pray for self but for others." This he did twice publicly and I concluded to resign as his influence as a ruling elder would counteract or defeat our revival meeting and had only told another elder what I thought best to do and came the next Sunday morning to preach and publicly resign. I opened the service and read my text but could not speak, when recovering I said, "I don't understand my tears, but they are not for myself, be patient, I hope to get my voice." I felt sure my text was from the Lord. "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I had great liberty in showing what Christ is, illustrated under these symbols and when I finished it was my congregation in tears and I knew He had given me the hearts of my congregation and I dare not resign. I came in the evening and our reproving elder was present as well as in the morning, and I took the pulpit but the only text I could get was a text I had preached from at a tent meeting that he was in charge of and he had told me I was wrong in rendering it and I tried to find another, for it might appear to him I used it to collide with him.

The text was "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." I called the stone Christ, as there is no other figure or symbol so often used in the Bible to represent Christ as a stone. The "chief corner stone"; the "true corner stone"; "the white stone"; "the stone cut out of the mountains that shall roll until it fills the whole earth" and others. He is the perfect model, the perfect and only foundation stone. And humanity is out of shape, every one of Adam's race, and must be changed to fit the perfect model or foundation and it will cause a smash up of fallen depraved man before he will fit the pattern. The will, the pride, the wrong desire and habits, it will hurt, be a cross, that will kill out the old Adam nature to get the Christ likeness. "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself take up his cross and follow me." There are no exceptions, "all have sinned," some, yes many, join the visible church without the smash up, never pay the price of repentance, are not consenting to fall on a stone and will go to hell where all sinners unchanged go.

First spoiled, then made over "a new creature in Christ Jesus." "Come out and be separate" is the word. To break clear from all that would come between you and Christ will cause a sun-dering that may develop tears and a few groans but there is life in it. There is no other way. Christ is like a stone unchangeable. You to be like him must change. He loves you but He will

not compel you, you must fall. He is the unchangeable, you are wrong and must be changed or He will come in all His weight upon you.

II. To describe what is meant by the stone falling is past describing. Sodom under the rain of fire is a symbol. Hell is illustrated by the most awful figures that we have knowledge of. Hell means much, is significant, it will only do for fools to trifle. The awful sentence will surely fall on those who will refuse to be shaped by God's only plan. How long God will in great mercy hold it from falling we do not know, make your escape, do it now.

I have given a little outline of the subject that night. I went on Monday to visit at my other appointment some ten miles away and on my return Tuesday I heard that the elder was sick and I went at once to see him and found him quite sick with typhoid pneumonia. The doctor came while I was there and I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He replied, "No." He died and was buried before the week ended. I did not preach but attended his funeral, it was a very solemn service to me. I will only add I was sure the Lord did not wish me to resign and I remained with a good degree of prosperity to the close of the conference year.

I remember an experience in baptizing two young men and two young women, all of the same family. We looked up in a small stream a place for the baptism on Saturday and we went directly from the church after morning preaching

to the place for baptizing but as there had been a rain and the sand and mud loose the place I had chosen was only a mud hole and we had to look for another place. The stream was shallow but swift. The sand would wash from under our feet. I saw it was perilous. The young men were larger than I and the water the most shallow I had even seen used for immersion. I remember I had to look up to the strong One who had said He would be a "very present help in time of need." He did help and we went through without an accident but I felt and still feel that the Lord will accept of water in some other form as well. I went up from the baptism to dinner with the mother of these four children and she gave me a silver dollar for baptizing her children.

I was surprised a few days since by a call from two ladies and they brought with them two children. After taking seats the mother of the children said to me, "I suppose you do not recognize this two year old boy, do you? This is the child you baptized a little more than a year since." She had sent a man to find a minister if he could, in the place of Colma or Vista Grande, places numbering about three thousand souls. They both were newcomers. He found me and got an express wagon and took me to the place. The child was past hope of recovery and when ready I said, "This causes me to think of the baptism of a dying child in Topeka, Kansas, the father of the child was a wicked

Catholic but the mother a member of my church. There being no Catholic priest within reach he said to the mother, "Send for Shepardson and have the child baptized." I said to the mother and a few Christian sisters, that water was only a type of the Holy Ghost. Now let us look beyond the type to Him typified. He is the resurrection and the life (or some such words). There should be in this ordinance more than an outward form, believe for His spirit to accompany the form and when praying I felt led to pray God to heal the child and make a missionary of the child. Some three years later I called on the mother and the little four year old boy was present, who was to die in a few hours at most when baptized. I said to Sister Detrick, "take care how you raise that boy, he is God's boy for a missionary." I then said, "The Lord can heal this almost dead child if He will," and prayed, and until now I have not heard from mother or child.

I continued the full year with the Holiness church and at their yearly camp meeting and conference where they examine the characters and doctrines of their preachers when up for examination I said, "Brethren, I love you and feel kind to all but as we collide in a point of doctrine I think it best to drop my name as a member." I looked up needy places that no church would occupy like Encinitas, a few miles from Los Angeles, with two saloons and no preaching or religious service and visited daily and held cottage meetings through the vicinity where they

would let us in. God gave us some souls and we did not know what to do with them and we organized twenty-one into a mission and then another place with some twelve members but going away they joined the holiness churches mostly.

I went to a barren place of little salvation but a church that was built as a union but in trouble and I opened at a school house where the United Brethren had meetings. By their request held a week or more of meetings with but a few savingly interested. The Sabbath day that we closed we were to hold three services. After the morning service three of us preachers took dinner together and as we were going to start to the afternoon meeting, I said, "Brethren, we ought to pray before going," and we knelt and I was unusually led out to pray for a gracious revival at Clearwater, that place. I asked the brethren if God always answered inspired prayer. They said they thought He did. I replied, "I am going to see in less than a year." The United Brethren preacher from Clearwater came to Oakdale, four hundred miles from there, where I was preaching and gave the report of a wonderful revival at Clearwater that came without any extra meetings and they had bought the lot and the town hall that was on it and converted it into a church house. I remembered the prayer, believing it inspired. I have ever since regarded an inspired prayer the same as a prophecy that will be fulfilled in due time. I have had several repetitions of the same in my experience.

CHAPTER X

To Oregon

I served the United Brethren church at Oakdale in Stanislaw county one year with little apparent success. We held union holiness meetings, preaching in the afternoon, but the man who built the church and run the church opposed holiness and their Bishop was present at two of our meetings and publicly antagonized the doctrine. At the years' close I refused to take the work because what I might do would be largely defeated. I met the Bishop after the conference and he said, "I wish you had stayed with us." I replied, "I would if the Bishop and church had not opposed holiness."

Fifteen minutes after the close of the United Brethren conference I went to the office and found a letter from my old fellow worker from the Kansas conference who has done more financially for the Wesleyan Methodist church than any man or any two men in it, nearly or quite one hundred thousand dollars, H. T. Besse by name, inviting me to meet him in San Francisco in a few days and to go with him to the Oregon Wesleyan Methodist conference and he would pay the fare both ways. I went and accepted the Central Addition church of Portland. Accomplished but little apparently. Next year I went to

North Yamhill, a good church house and three members, but so distant they scarcely ever attended. We soon had a fine congregation but before the year closed we were reduced to a very few. At one of our morning meetings the superintendent of the Christian church and a leading merchant in the place was present as usual and invited me to go to his home with him for dinner and after starting a fire in their front room stove went to his bookcase and brought a book, asking me if I knew the book. I replied, "By the links on the cover I judge it must be an Odd Fellow's book." He said yes, and opened the stove door and threw it in, saying he was done with it. He and his wife had been attending our meetings and she had obtained the "second work," called holiness, and her prayers and testimonies were powerful in the Spirit. I think she had belonged to the Rebekah degree. I suppose both left their lodges. Soon there was a Woodman lecturer obtained and it was wonderful how many were drawn in to join and soon our congregations dropped off and the merchant and his wife ceased to come to our service and I think the pressure became so strong that they returned to their lodges, and I know she dried up in her wonderful experience in prayers and testimonies. The Methodist Episcopal preacher had access to my library for a month, as I let him sleep and use the room, and when I went to look up my anti-Mason books, such as President Finney's Expose and four or five others, they were missing. I

suppose he was a Mason for I talked with him on the subject and probably told him of my books. He was reticent when I talked with him and if he had not been a member he would have said so. They do their work or concentrate their plans in the dark lodge and can, and do, work outside to the death of the disturber. I had a similar experience with the lodge power in Kansas once. I secured the best preaching help but could not rally. There is an awful day ahead for many when "the secret things shall be proclaimed on the house top."

Wife and I contracted catarrh in the long, rainy season when our upper rooms without fire would gather mould on clothes hung up. I had Lagrippe and my night watchers told me after I got up that there were two nights they expected to lay my body out before morning.

CHAPTER XI

To Louisiana and Texas

Our brother, D. F. Shepardson, who lived in Louisiana, one hundred miles west of New Orleans in the rice belt, invited us to come and spend our last days with them. Brother Zimmerman, a grand Wesleyan there, who had built the church and supported us while there, handed me three twenty dollar gold pieces, which, with what we had, landed us in Louisiana. Wife was very feeble and the morning we came to Los Angeles on our way we saw a preacher's wife who had got up and had her hair dressed lean back in her seat and cease to breathe without a struggle. A doctor and nurse came with her and her husband from the East for climate cure. Wife said to me, "that is only me in a few days more." But the Louisiana change helped us both for a year. We both did some preaching there and attended two holiness camp meetings, preaching at both and I held a few revival meetings. But for better climate we came to San Antonio, Texas, where we remained two years, doing mission work for feeble churches and selling Shaw's two books, "Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer," and "Dying Testimonies of the Saved and the Unsaved," selling especially to the preachers of the different churches.

The first night in the city at the hotel I inquired if there were any missions in the city and was directed to one and went in search in the morning and as I came near a lady called my name. She had known or heard me preach in California and invited us to take on unoccupied room in the mission until we might do better. I frequently called at the mission and almost as often preached. They had an afternoon meeting each Sabbath devoted to the subject of holiness and sent me word one Sabbath to give them the afternoon sermon though I had two other services for that day I came. I looked to the Lord to give me an appropriate text but could get but the one, "Will a man rob God?" I thought it not suitable for a holiness sermon but as I opened up I found there was more than the tithe robbers, but that God's claim took in more, "Ye are not your own, for ye have been bought with a price," so my text swept the board and I had great liberty. At the close a lady came to me inquiring where we lived for she would call on me Monday morning. I had said at the close of my sermon it might be some had in their pocket some of the Lord's money and "I have preached more sermons since in the city than any preacher, I think, and have never taken a collection and have preached some twenty times here and I am not an angel, but have to live the way other folks live, and I have a house rent to pay next Tuesday." Turning to the proprietor who had never taken a collection publicly for the support of the

mission, "Will it be out of order to pass a hat?" "That will be all right," and I think she put in a dollar and there was three and a half that came to me, and the lady that wished my number came and laid on my table a ten dollar bill and followed that for four or five months. I learned from a cousin of hers that she was rescued from the Galveston flood but her husband and one child was drowned. She said when she was under and beyond hope of life she felt there was an experience that she ought to have but did not possess. Her home and all had gone and she came to her lady cousins in San Antonio, who enjoyed and talked holiness and she saw that was the experience she lacked when going under the flood and found it and lived it.

There was one Northern Methodist preacher by the name of Gates in the city, he was a member of the Nazarene church in Los Angeles, who professed and possessed the blessing. I don't remember as we knew any other at that time but we called ourselves charter members and organized a holiness association and I was the honored president. We secured a Sister Williams from Illinois, who was a holiness evangelist, to come and hold meetings. We scoured the city to raise funds to meet the expenses. We called on merchants and any except saloons. I went to a prominent hotel and told him we had a lady coming and we wished to find a place where she could be entertained, saying I had had some experience in entertaining conferences and had learned that the hotels often would help us out and for this

purpose we had called on him. He kindly gave her good board and lodging two weeks. At the close of her meetings we were behind fifty dollars and were going to borrow or hire it and as we were talking together this sister came to us inquiring what was needed. She replied, "I will make that up to-morrow morning when the banks are opened." Sister Williams came the second year and she became interested in the soldiers who came from the Fort Sam Houston which joined the city, because their chaplain was a Roman Catholic and they had no church. She wrote to her friends East and raised the money, bought a lot near the post and built a fine church for them and since, I have learned, she occupied or became the pastor herself. Holiness was introduced into a few churches in the city but the Southern Methodists as a whole opposed the doctrine. We held meetings in several of the colored churches and held one protracted meeting in a Southern Methodist Episcopal church. The pastor experienced the blessing with, I think, a few others. I preached a few months for a Presbyterian church but one day one of the elders, a lawyer, got up and went out because I preached a universal and all cleansing salvation from sin. He forgave me, I think, and came back while I preached there and when I was about to leave for California, he put a five dollar gold piece in my hand. I look back to the two years spent in San Antonio with some satisfaction and forward to the harvest gathering where I shall find a few sheaves from San Antonio.

CHAPTER XII

Third and Last Time To California

When we thought it best to return to San Diego, California, where the climate had done wonders for us when first coming to the coast the proprietor of the mission, Mrs. Sweringen, said she could obtain free tickets for us which brought us here. The change failed to do for us what it did at first, our youngest daughter, Mrs. Colins, came, making us a visit of two weeks and seeing how feeble her mother was said, "I am going to take mother home with me to Oakdale," and I went to Los Angeles to George C. Parsons who with his wife had invited us both to come and live with them the remnant of our days; she was a second cousin of mine and were both converted when children under our labors and both of their parents we took into the Wesleyan Methodist church at or near Topeka, Kansas. While coming from an afternoon meeting and going to a night meeting I said to a man in the seat with me, "if you know where I am to get off will you tell me for I am not acquainted in this part of the city." He said he would. It was after dark and the car slackened up as they were passing another car on a short turn and he said, "this is your place."

Two or more jumped off and I hastened and swung off but the car had not stopped and when I swung off it was going with speed. I only touched the rock pavement with my feet but struck on my left hip and arm. I was lifted up but could not stand and was carried by two men, changing to the third car before getting home. When waiting for another car I was urged to let them get a bus and be taken to the hospital. I told them I could do better, I had a home and I had my soul insured but not my body.

The surgeons made two examinations under anesthetics. The hip was dislocated and the muscles torn loose so that the joint slips when turned or weight borne on it. I was not out of the bed but once in five weeks and then lifted out and back in five minutes. The limb perished to one-half its normal size and now it is nearly four years and I am still on crutches, so have been almost altogether shut in from the outer world. Dear Brother and Sister Parsons nursed and cared for me in my helplessness as a mother her helpless child for two years and in many gifts for years I think given from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. I say, "God bless them," and have so said hundreds of times and He is wonderfully blessing them financially.

I am here at Colma, a few miles from the center of San Francisco, connected by street cars and railroad, living with my son-in-law, Gus Faber, and wife, my oldest daughter, kindly cared for,

waiting the angel escort that will see me safe to Father's house where the many mansions are. I have been privileged to attend a few meetings in the city at the Pentacostal Nazarene church where I now have my membership and of preaching some eighteen times since here, by mounting my crutches and making a fourth of a mile to the car line also to attend the Beula Park yearly camp meetings twice. There was the best of preaching but I looked expectantly to hear worldly conformity and secret societies, especially Masonry, denounced or exposed. There was one sermon exposing the superfluity and extravagance of dress but the great and growing sin of secret lodgism was never touched. At the first camp near the close I awoke early while the camp was perfectly quiet and the Spirit voice spoke to me "you must not keep still on the secret society question, that is one reason you are here." Not seeing an opportunity to publicly refer to it that day I spoke to one or more privately but they said, "when one gets holiness they will come out." I replied, "but don't silence give consent to it? and what about the thousands who are not holy that are joining it? Have we no duty in warning them?" The next morning at the same still hour I heard the same voice if not more emphatic, "you must not keep still on this subject, that is one reason you are here." I introduced the subject at our breakfast table where there were eight or ten. I at once felt the Divine approval as I did at the close of a lecture on the

subject at Grover, Kansas, also I found that there were members of the church that belonged to the lodge. I am sure if I was to receive members and learned they were lodge men they would have to renounce the lodge before I would take them into a holy church. It is quality more than quantity God values. These churches full of sinners are a slur on Christianity a make believe that Christianity is a sham, a failure.

I now close this abridged recital of a life far from perfect and in greater weakness and suffering than any but the writer knows, but thanking the Lord for His upholdings and dealings these seventy-six years. It is due to say that in taking the backward look, a very positive blessing has come to my soul, and I say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all my iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thy life with loving kindness and tender mercies." "He giveth me 'songs in the night.'" Was never so consciously living in the experience of the ninety-first psalm as all these days and nights "dwelling in the secret place of the most high, abiding under the shadow of the Almighty."

April 9, 1910. This later date still finds me an earth inhabitant, contrary to my expectation, and contrary to human appearance or natural laws, so I add a little before this goes to the publisher. My friends have asked, "how are you

going to get your book published?" saying, "it is going to cost something." I answered, "I think the Lord wanted me to write it and if so He will see to that." So greatly to my joy and a praise of thanks to God a letter came from my old friends of spiritual and kindred ties, who for years have given me hundreds, that I should order one thousand printed at their expense, and to give the publisher their names and address which is George C. Parsons, 1247 Sapphire Street, Los Angeles, California. I add two articles, one from the Wesleyan and one from Nazarene Messenger just received.

Keep the Connection.

I was on a street car in San Antonio, Texas, going to an appointment and our car stopped. I inquired the cause of the delay, and one replied, "Our car is dead." I said, "What does that imply?" He answered, "Our car has lost connection with the power-house." This may illustrate the fearful fact that even after a sanctified soul has had the Holy Ghost enduement he may lose connection and hardly know it. The preacher may say the same words, using the same subject that moved his audience once, but he has somewhere lost connection, and he is a dead preacher. He may keep his head religion, but it is minus the Spirit that makes it effectual. Sound doctrine or culture will not supply the loss. "Without me ye can do nothing." There is no substitute; it is God power that must be reached.

There are many non-conductors. I used for some years at times electricity for the benefit of my health. A little neglect to keep the points of connection clean and free from dust, would break the connection, and it was a dead battery. The sin of neglect in many ways will stop the Spirit's flow, or the preacher may substitute education, or self may get too conspicuous.

It is so easy to pray, preach, or testify, when connection is perfect. Now one will need to put on the brake of reason or it is possible to jump the rails, or sidetrack. Our best and safest railroad lines have inspectors that go over their lines daily to see that all is safe. It is an expense to them, but it pays, for it prevents accidents. We brethren will need to watch and pray daily. A broken rail may hurl a whole train load to death. Loss of connection may prove the eternal ruin of thousands that you might have saved. Our place is an awfully responsible one. We shall be held accountable for what we might have done. The men that God has used most for the salvation of men have been Spirit empowered. There can be no other reason for the effect of Peter's sermon at Pentecost where the three thousand were converted. It was the empowering that made Finney a success. God sent Caughey to England and twenty-two thousand were converted and ten thousand sanctified. When asked the secret of his success, he replied, "Knee-work, knee-work, knee-work, knee-work." Thus he kept connection.

To be filled with the Spirit, which is as bind-

ing a command as, "Thou shalt not steal," will require constant connection. O, minister of the gospel, what wondrous possibilities lie before you! And they may be accomplished, for it is God that furnishes the supplies. Keep the line clear over which He comes. By prayer stay much in His presence.

Oh what a widening out into largeness, love predominant. Your prayers will cross oceans, race lines and national lines, adopting the motto, "All this world for God."—Nazarene Messenger.

Holiness? What Is It?

It is not described by saying it is more religion, or greater growth of the new nature already received. There is growth in the blessed experience of the new nature before, and especially after being made holy. Holiness is not only a new nature given but more, it is the casting out of the inbeing sin born with us that regeneration does not cast out.

A hill of corn planted among weeds cannot grow the weeds out, nor make the best growth. The way to give the corn the full strength of soil with sun and rain is to use the hoe on the weeds. The new nature was planted in the heart where was an enemy that had got in ahead of him. This old enemy is so intrenched that he cannot be driven out by growth—but the baptism with the Holy Ghost will drive him out—root and branch. Hallelujah! "Where sin did abound grace doth much more abound." There

is more than the enemy cast out, He, the Holy Ghost, comes in to empower and abide. It is the "double cure," as Toplady calls it and as Charles Wesley says, "A heart from sin set free."

Is there advantage by its possession? We answer, much. It gives enlargement of vision. The inspired Book as never before has not only on the cover Holy Bible but the inside teaches it and it stands out in the history, in the types, in the law, in its teaching and experience, as we had never discovered before; and the possessor wonders how any Christian can fail to see it is the "central idea of Christianity," as Bishop Peck states it.

During a revival we held a watch night and invited a Baptist preacher to preach one sermon and to my surprise he antagonized the doctrine of holiness. We then gave opportunity for testimony, and a good Presbyterian elder arose with his Bible and read from First John, first chapter and eighth verse, "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us—and sat down. I arose and asked him why he had not seen and read the verse above and the verse below, and read them, for both specifically teach cleansing from all sin. At this juncture, a dear intelligent sister arose, declaring she had "just now received the evidence and He does cleanse me from all sin."

The trouble with the preacher and the dear elder was they had never had the blessing or they would have seen the other two verses, but

their vision had yet to be enlarged. A greater peace takes possession, the opposing enemy has gone, all the heart room is now occupied by the new nature and the Holy Ghost. There is given at times great joy and assurance to the pardoned regenerated Christian, but now He abides, and the soul pushes out into the boundless ocean of His love without bottom and out of sight of shore! Hallelujah!

It gives enlargement to all the Christian graces. It adopts the motto the Salvation Army hang in their halls, "All the world for God." It leaps all national lines or colors. Temporal or worldly interests that once were of great account become small compared to the kingdom of God, sacrifice and loss is gain, "counting all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

Pentecost was a marked increase of effectiveness over the former life of the church in saving souls. Wesley says the added effectiveness after the cleansing baptism is ten fold, making one man equal to ten and ten equal to one hundred.

How obtained? By unconditional consecration. When a soul is regenerated he must give up all known sins and walk in all the light of obedience and sooner or later according to the light received he will discover the twofold nature of sin—sins of omission and commission—then or afterwards inherited sin, the opposing nature born with us, "which is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be." We cannot repent for this for we have not committed it. But how are

we to get rid of it, how can it be cast out or destroyed? Wesley says, "Growth in the experience of regeneration or the new birth may weaken it but cannot cast it out; it abides until it shall please the Lord to speak the second time be thou clean; then only will the leprosy be purged away."

This second work that makes the heart clean or holy may be illustrated by Abraham's family experience. Ishmael was in the family before Isaac was born but when Isaac came he found another fellow ahead of him and he "mocked" and was anything but pleasant, and there was trouble in the house. Sarah, Isaac's mother, was disturbed and said Ishmael must go. (It hurt Abraham, for he was the father of both boys.) The boys both wanted their own way and if they had a hobby horse they both wanted to ride at the same time and it would not carry double and the crib was not large enough for both at once. Poor Abraham! but to have peace in the home Ishmael must go. O what a quiet peaceful night after Ishmael was cast out! Now Isaac had his own way, hobby horse, crib and all—and heir to the whole estate. To secure this glorious rest from inbred sin, this opposing Ishmael is likely to hurt the seeker in some new place as well as it did Abraham to secure perfect peace in his home. I found it so. It was when I said yes to the call to give my life to the ministry and said I will start to-day. All other life plans went overboard but the mighty baptism fell and the windows of heaven went up and opened wide

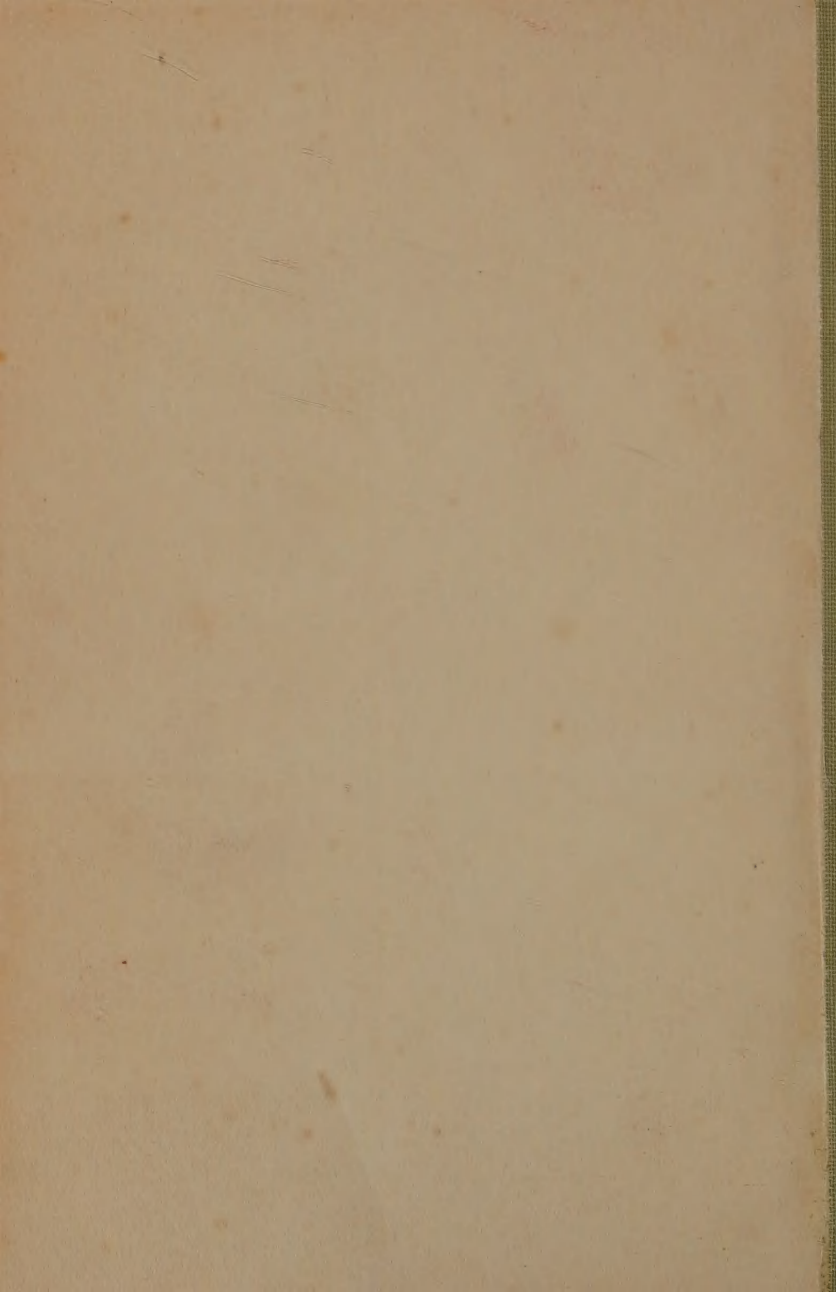
upon me. I had claimed it by faith a full year or more because I thought my consecration was perfect, but now I found the unmistakable experience. O the consciousness that my soul was made all pure within can never be told and only known by experience. Glory! Glory!

A minister whose writings and books I always read with great profit gives his experience when seeking the blessing. He was asked, "How much do you want it? Should your wife oppose you?" "Yes, I want it." "Should the conference and the ministers turn you down?" "Yes, I still want it." "Should you be obliged to give up your liberal salary and take the poorest charge in the conference?" "Yes, Lord, at any price." He got it by a cloud-burst from the upper glory. It is all summed up in this: Pay the full price and you, seeker, can have it. "In the day ye seek me with all thy heart."

How retained? By constant use. It won't stay nor live without plenty of air and daylight. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "Christian experience when given becomes public property and to conceal it is dishonest to God and man. God deserves the credit, and man the knowledge of the experience. The sin of neglect or of omission is a damning sin. The man in the Bible who buried his talent lost it; he should have used it and added to it. We are to "perfect holiness" by growth. I asked a Methodist preacher who called on me of late if he had

ever had the experience. He replied he never professed it but thought it better to live it. I replied when you get it you will profess it and preach it if you keep it. It will require watchful care to retain and keep the blade sharp and bright. It is the pearl of great price. The devil and the world will surely be after it to steal it from you. The church and ministry short of it are nineteen hundred years behind the Christian age and far short of what God has provided for all — Wesleyan Methodist.

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